

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1155. Fourth Series, No. 16. 21 July, 1866.

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NEW BOOKS.

The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Exploration of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. London : Macmillan & Co. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. [This Book is twice reviewed in this week's No. of the Living Age.]

Goblin Market, and other Poems. By Christina Rossetti. Boston : Roberts Brothers. [A beautiful Edition. Many of the pieces have been printed in The Living Age.]

The Poem "Ninety Years Ago," in the last No. was written by Mr. Sprague for the 50th Anniversary of the 4th July, and is now reprinted as the 90th.

The article "Penny Novels," in No. 1154 is the *whole* article bearing that title, in Macmillan's Magazine.

Chief Justice Chase's Tour was made last year. It may serve as a record of Southern feeling at that time.

The War in Germany begins to show its full objects. — There are signs that Spain may be attacked in Cuba.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON, & CO. BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own undergraduate.)

THEY gave a Prize here for English verse the other day to MR. YELD, of Brasenose, subject, VIRGIL reading his *Æneid* to AUGUSTUS and OCTAVIA. By the way, if he had to read it aloud, a suggestive name is *Yelled*; but no matter. I didn't get it, I know that, and I want every one to know it too. Why not? Why not!! Heavens, Sir, do I deserve this! I enclose my poem on the subject which was "declined with thanks."

THE (OR WHAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE) PRIZE POEM

ON VIRGIL READING HIS *ÆNEID* TO AUGUSTUS AND OCTAVIA.

WHEN VIRGIL read his *Æneid* to AUGUSTUS and OCTAVIA,
Whose ladies wore waved hair, but she wore hers a great deal waveyer,
He did not rant or rave like a dissenter of Moravia,
Nor thumped he on the rostrum like a fierce converted paviour,
But he thought it wise to be upon his very best behaviour,
So spoke in tones as soft as those of parsons in Belgravia;
The Empress held a copy of the poetry which gave he her,
And when the poet made a slip he cried out "O pocceavi!" her
AUGUSTUS (who had got a crib*) observed to his OCTAVIA,
"This gentleman, my dear, I think is very very clayvier,
But as I must be off at once on business to Pavia,†
You'll take him into lunch and give him bits of toast and caviare."‡
They gave him meat at lunch, each slice was gravier and gravier,
Which was a sign, that for the time, he'd found imperial faviour,
And goblets of Falernian of which he loved the flavioir.§
Then when he wanted to go home, they called out "Hi, a slavery here!"
Who brought a hired char'ot, swift as love-bird in an aviary.
VIRGIL read his *Æneid* thus to 'Gussy and OCTAVIA.

* A Crib. Hardly necessary perhaps, as it is highly probable that AUGUSTUS understood Latin.
† Pavia. The ancient Ireland, and therefore the modern Padua.

‡ Caviare. Pronounced by AUGUSTUS Caviër. It's all right: plenty of authorities.

§ Falernian. Eh? This shows that I've drunk of the Pierian font, doesn't it? Then why haven't I got the prize? Posterity shall do me justice, or I'll know the reason why.

Yours, YOUNG TOM, Ch. Ch.

—Punch.

CONTENTMENT.

A Song for the Stock Exchange.

HAPPY the man who lives content
On money safe at three per cent!
Invests it not in bubble schemes,
Nor e'er of speculation dreams.

Him city panics ne'er affright,
Nor threats of money getting "tight;"
He fears not either Bulls or Bears,
Or sudden rise or fall of shares.

Him neither Chancery Courts appall,
Nor the dread Street of Basinghall;
His cash is safe, his credit sound,
Though banks be breaking all around.

No horrid dreams disturb his rest,
No anxious fears his peace molest;
No writ destroys his appetite,
And keeps him wakeful through the night.

Oh, were'such happy fortune mine,
Serenely tranquil I would dine!
Nor envy anxious millionnaires,
Their dangerous wealth in doubtful shares!

Punch.

THE SCOUNDRELS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

SCOUNDRELS, that gamble in bank shares,
By swindling sales cause wreck and ruin.
We call this kind of rascals Bears;
A gross reflection upon Bruin.
These rogues, who break bank after bank,
Have their abettors in the City
For an unchecked career to thank.
Have they not, Stock Exchange Committee?

Punch.

GRASS CUT.

(Mournful merriment in a Meadow.)

DEATH is the mower; Man's grass in the fields,
Not a living blade to his blade but yields.
Swiftly, surely, the scythe will pass
From left to right,
By the mower's might,
For men may grow,
But the mower will mow,
And sweepingly give us our *coup de grâce*.

Punch.

From the Examiner.

The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker, M. A., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. In Two Volumes. Macmillan and Co.

On the 15th of April, 1861, accompanied by his young wife, Mr. Baker sailed up the Nile from Cairo, hoping eventually to meet the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, which had gone in search of the Nile sources from the south by way of Zanzibar. After twenty-six days' voyage up the river they left it at Korosko to cut off the western bend of the stream by an eight-day march across the desert to Berber. Finding it necessary to learn Arabic, Mr. Baker resolved to do that by giving a year to exploration of the affluents to the Nile from the Abyssinian range of mountains. The result of this exploration he proposes to give in a future volume.

At the end of the year's work, Mr. and Mrs. Baker reached Khartoum, the seat of government for the Soudan provinces, on the 11th of June, 1862. In the Soudan there is, says Mr. Baker, nothing "to recompense a European for the drawbacks of pestilential climate and brutal associations." Besides its export of gum arabic and of senna, hides and ivory, the Soudan supplies slaves. "Without the White Nile trade Khartoum would almost cease to exist; and that trade is kidnapping and murder." The explicit account given by Mr. Baker of the details of this "White Nile trade" amply justifies the terms in which it is described. His purpose of exploring the White Nile was regarded with great jealousy at Khartoum, and he set out in spite of strong opposition with the knowledge that "trading operations" had made the course of the river enemy's country. There was need of an escort of forty-five armed men, which, with forty sailors, servants, &c., made the number of the party ninety-six.

The voyage up the White Nile, which river, in the dulness of the vast marshes through which it turns and winds, he describes as a veritable Styx, Mr. Baker tells as he chronicled it from day to day. The start was made on the 18th of December, 1862. On the 13th of January they stopped near a native village to return to her home a slave girl who had been taken to Khartoum. They expressed their de-

light by bringing an ox as a gift, but Mr. Baker describes these Nuêhr natives as "the most unearthly looking devils I ever saw. . . . In sober earnest my monkey 'Wallady' looks like a civilized being compared to these Nuêhr savages." They are naked except neck-beads and bracelets, and a grass fringe round the loins of married women, and the men wear on the wrist a spiked bracelet, which they use as a claw. "I took," says Mr. Baker, "the chief of the Nuêhr's portrait as he sat in my cabin on the divan; of course he was delighted. He exhibited his wife's arms and back covered with jagged scars, in reply to my question as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet. Charming people are these poor blacks! as they are termed by English sympathizers; he was quite proud of having clawed his wife like a wild beast." But no wonder, he says, that hearts become stony in a country where grindstones are eaten. The stone when new weighs forty pounds. In a few months half of it has disappeared, being mixed with the flour of the corn ground upon it; and the grindstone is thus actually eaten. Presently a hippopotamus is killed, and his body is found "scored all over by the tusks of some other hippopotamus that had been bullying him. Themen declared that his father had thus misused him; others were of opinion that it was his mother; and the arguments ran high and became hot. These Arabs have an extraordinary taste for arguments upon the most trifling points." The debate on this point became violent—some of our own controversies, perhaps, are not very much wiser—and it was agreed to refer the question to Mr. Baker, who suggested that perhaps the hippopotamus had been illtreated by his uncle. This satisfied both parties. The fat young hippopotamus was cut up, and a discovery was then made by Mr. Baker which will surely be considered at Guildhall to throw any discovery of Nile sources into the shade. It is nothing less than "A new dish. There is no longer mock turtle soup—real turtle is mock hippopotamus. I tried boiling the fat, flesh, and skin together, the result being that the skin assumes the appearance of green fat of the turtle, but is far superior." And so, what's to be done now? Turtle soup is disgraced. Hippopotamus soup, after this discovery of Mr. Baker's, becomes absolutely necessary to the existence of the Court of Aldermen and to the honour of Birch's. No member of the Corporation will rest in his bed till a cargo of lively young hippopotamuses has stocked the leading taverns with successors

to the dethroned turtle. For next Lord Mayor's day there is no chance of getting more than the two in the Regent's-park gardens. Immediately upon the publication of Mr. Baker's book a special Court of Aldermen was called together, at which reporters were not to be present, but we understand that there has since been a brisk correspondence between that honourable Court and the Zoological Society. A committee has also been appointed of six senior aldermen, who will proceed to the White Nile and there hunt the hippopotamus, since it is believed that the flavour of which Mr. Baker gives so appetizing a report may depend, like that of whitebait, on the stream, or part of the stream, from which these delicacies happen to be taken. The six aldermen are about to constitute themselves directors of a Hippopotamus Soup Company limited, dividends payable in green fat on application at the Company's offices, Nuhr Eliab. White Nile. We have seen a handsome rush or two for shares in speculations not more promising.

In the land yielding this super-exquisite soup material the people starve. They have cattle but do not kill them, and eat only those which have died of old age or disease. They feed on rats, lizards, and snakes, on what fish they can spear, and on what field-mice they can dig out of their burrows. Their children are mere skeletons, and the whole tribe appears thoroughly starved. "They are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined; so emaciated, that they have no visible posteriors; they look as though they had been planed off, and their long thin legs and arms give them a peculiar goat-like appearance." What a grand thing for them will be the settlement of six aldermanic bumble bees among these human gnats, to set up a hive of British industry, and teach the benighted naked people without visible posteriors how to grow puddings on their bones. A great comfort also for travellers on the White Nile will be the little camp of aldermen whom the great cause of Hippopotamus soup will plant in the now too-inhospitable region. This is a sample of a French settlement there, but a Frenchman in a marsh is of course well settled because of the frogs:

Jan. 23rd. — At eight a.m. arrived at Aboukooka, the establishment of a French trader. It is impossible to describe the misery of the land; in the midst of the vast expanse of marsh is a little plot of dry ground about thirty-five yards square, and within thirty yards of the

river, but to be reached only by wading through the swamp. The establishment consisted of about a dozen straw huts, occupied by a wretched fever-stricken set of people; the vakeel, and others employed, came to the boats to beg for corn. I stopped for ten minutes at the charming watering-place Aboukooka to obtain the news of the country. The current at this point is as usual very strong, being upwards of two and a half miles per hour; the river is quite bank-full although not actually flooding, the windings endless; one moment our course is due north, then east, then again north, and as suddenly due south; in fact, we face every point of the compass within an hour. Frequently the noggors that are far in the rear appear in advance; it is a heart-breaking river without a single redeeming point; I do not wonder at the failure of all expeditions in this wretched country.

• There was an Austrian mission station found here, but the missionary had just sold off his village and mission house for thirty pounds, and was quitting in despair his congregation of what Mr. Baker, who has no reverence for the noble savage, calls "disgusting, ash-smearing, stark-naked brutes." He would leave behind the graves of several members of the mission, but not one convert.

On the 30th of January Mr. Baker reached the Shir tribe, who are not quite naked, and wear a belt with a tail behind of finely cut strips of leather, which doubtless gave rise to the report of the Arabs "that a tribe in 'Central Africa had tails like horses.'" These people are Lotus-eaters:

All the tribes of the White Nile have their harvest of the lotus seed. There are two species of water-lily — the large white flower, and a small variety. The seed-pod of the white lotus is like an unblown artichoke, containing a number of light red grains equal in size to mustard-seed, but shaped like those of the poppy, and similar to them in flavour, being sweet and nutty. The ripe pods are collected and strung upon sharp-pointed reeds about four feet in length. When thus threaded they are formed into large bundles, and carried from the river to the villages, where they are dried in the sun, and stored for use. The seed is ground into flour, and made into a kind of porridge.

On the 2nd of February Mr. Baker reached Gondokoro, where the soil is firm and raised twenty feet above the river level, while at last the sight of distant mountains gladdens the eye weary of the dreary flats. There is no town here. The place is occupied only during two months of the year, when the ivory traders use this spot as a station. Once there were at Gondokoro

missionaries, who have left their traces in a ruined brick church and the groves of citron and lime trees that they planted in their garden. Here are the Bari tribe, who have a diabolical way of poisoning their arrow-heads, and making them so that they come off and remain in the wound when an attempt is made to draw the arrow out :

The traders' people, in order to terrify them into submission, were in the habit of binding them, hands and feet and carrying them to the edge of a cliff about thirty feet high, a little beyond the ruins of the old mission-house : beneath this cliff the river boils in a deep eddy ; into this watery grave the victims were remorselessly hurled as food for crocodiles. It appeared that this punishment was dreaded by the natives more than the bullet or rope, and it was accordingly adopted by the trading parties.

Upon my arrival at Gondokoro I was looked upon by all these parties as a spy sent by the British Government.

The traders' parties, tampering with Mr. Baker's men, urged them to mutiny. He ordered twenty-five lashes to the ringleader.

Upon the Vakeel (Saati) advancing to seize him, there was a general mutiny. Many of the men threw down their guns and seized sticks, and rushed to the rescue of their tall ringleader. Saati was a little man and was perfectly helpless. Here was an escort ! these were the men upon whom I was to depend in hours of difficulty and danger on an expedition in unknown regions ; these were the fellows that I had considered to be reduced "from wolves to lambs !"

I was determined not to be done, and to insist upon the punishment of the ringleader. I accordingly went towards him with the intention of seizing him ; but he, being backed by upwards of forty men, had the impertinence to attack me, rushing forward with a fury that was ridiculous. To stop his blow, and to knock him into the middle of the crowd, was not difficult ; and after a rapid repetition of the dose, I disabled him, and seizing him by the throat, I called to my vakeel Saati for a rope to bind him, but in an instant I had a crowd of men upon me to rescue their leader. How the affair would have ended I cannot say ; but as the scene lay within ten yards of my boat, my wife, who was ill with fever in the cabin, witnessed the whole affray, and seeing me surrounded, she rushed out, and in a few moments she was in the middle of the crowd, who at that time were endeavoring to rescue my prisoner. Her sudden appearance had a curious effect, and calling upon several of the less mutinous to assist, she very pluckily made her way up to me. Seizing the opportunity of an indecision that was for the moment evinced by the crowd, I shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum. In an instant the drum beat, and at

the top of my voice I ordered the men to "fall in." It is curious how mechanically an order is obeyed if given at the right moment, even in the midst of mutiny. Two-thirds of the men fell in, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with the ringleader, Eesur, whom they led away, declaring that he was badly hurt. The affair ended in my insisting upon all forming in line, and upon the ringleader being brought forward. In this critical moment Mrs. Baker, with great tact, came forward and implored me to forgive him if he kissed my hand and begged for pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who, although a few minutes before in open mutiny, now called upon their ringleader Eesur to apologize, and that all would be right. I made them a rather bitter speech, and dismissed them.

Gondokoro was a nest of robbers ; no reliance could be put on such an escort as this, and beyond Gondokoro there was no European. But now followed the joyous meeting with Speke and Grant.

Guns firing in the distance ; Debono's ivory porters arriving, for whom I have waited. My men rush madly to my boat, with the report that two white men were with them who had come from the sea ! Could they be Speke and Grant ? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality ; hurrah for old England ! they had come from the Victoria N'yanza, from which the Nile springs. . . . The mystery of ages solved. With my pleasure of meeting them is the one disappointment, that I had not met them farther on the road in my search for them ; however, the satisfaction is, that my previous arrangements had been such as would have insured my finding them had they been in a fix. . . . My projected route would have brought me *vis-à-vis* with them, as they had come from the lake by the course I had proposed to take. . . .

All my men perfectly mad with excitement ; firing salutes as usual with ball cartridge, they shot one of my donkeys ; a melancholy sacrifice as an offering at the completion of this geographical discovery.

When I first met them they were walking along the bank of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognized my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome hurrah ! as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognize me ; ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change ; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa appeared to him incredible. I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we felt already acquainted, and after the transports of this happy meeting we walked together to my diabhiah ; my men surrounding us with smoke and noise by keeping up an unrelenting fire of musketry the whole way. We were shortly seated on deck under the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared

was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel; whom I looked upon with feelings of pride as my own countrymen. As a good ship arrives in harbour, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived in Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in reality he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honourable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trowsers that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailor's work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through.

Speke and Grant told Mr. Baker of a part of their exploration of Nile sources, which they held to be yet incomplete.

It appeared that in N. lat. $2^{\circ} 17'$, they crossed the Nile, which they had tracked from the Victoria Lake; but the river, which from its exit from that lake had a northern course, turned suddenly to the west from Karuma Falls (the point at which they crossed it at lat. $2^{\circ} 17'$). They did not see the Nile again until they arrived in N. lat. $3^{\circ} 32'$, which was then flowing from the W. S. W. The natives and the King of Unyoro (Kamrasi) had assured them that the Nile from the Victoria N'yanza, which they had crossed at Karuma, flowed westward for several days' journey, and at length fell into a large lake called the Luta N'zige; that this lake came from the south, and that the Nile on entering the northern extremity almost immediately made its exit, and as a navigable river continued its course to the north, through the Koshi and Madi countries. Both Speke and Grant attached great importance to this lake Luta N'zige, and the former was much annoyed that it had been impossible for them to carry out the exploration. He foresaw that stay-at-home geographers, who, with a comfortable arm-chair to sit in, travel so easily with their fingers on a map, would ask him why he had not gone from such a place to such a place? why he had not followed the Nile to the Luta N'zige lake, and from the lake to Gondokoro? As it happened, it was impossible for Speke and Grant to follow the Nile from Karuma: the tribes were fighting with Kamrasi, and no strangers could have got through the country. Accordingly they procured their information most carefully, completed their map, and laid down the reported lake in its supposed position, showing the Nile as both influent and effluent precisely as had been explained by the natives.

Speke expressed his conviction that the Luta N'zige must be a second source of the Nile, and that geographers would be dissatisfied that he had not explored it. To me this was most gratifying. I had been much disheartened at

the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration; I even said to Speke, "Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?" I now heard that the field was not only open, but that an additional interest was given to the exploration by the proof that the Nile flowed out of one great lake, the Victoria, but that it evidently must derive an additional supply from an unknown lake as it entered at the northern extremity, while the body of the lake came from the south. The fact of a great body of water such as the Luta N'zige extending in a direct line from south to north, while the general system of drainage of the Nile was from the same direction, showed most conclusively that the Luta N'zige, if it existed in the form assumed, must have an important position in the basin of the Nile.

My expedition had naturally been rather costly, and being in excellent order it would have been heart-breaking to have returned fruitlessly. I therefore arranged immediately for my departure, and Speke most kindly wrote in my journal such instructions as might be useful.

Mr. Baker gives in his book the instructions written for him by Captain Speke, to which Captain Grant added a map, and he says:

I am particular in publishing these details, in order to show the perfect freedom from jealousy of both Captains Speke and Grant. Unfortunately, in most affairs of life, there is not only fair emulation, but ambition is too often combined with intense jealousy of others. Had this miserable feeling existed in the minds of Speke and Grant, they would have returned to England with the sole honour of discovering the source of the Nile; but in their true devotion to geographical science, and especially to the specific object of their expedition, they gave me all information to assist in the completion of the great problem — the "Nile Sources."

On the 26th of February Speke and Grant sailed from Gondokoro for Egypt and home. Mahommed, the vakeel of Andrea Debono, who had escorted Speke and Grant, promised to add his escort to Mr. Baker's party, not only as far as his station at Faloro, but throughout the whole of the journey, in return for a good present and help in getting ivory; but his purpose was to raise mutiny, and prevent a journey that would lay open all the secrets of the ivory trade of the White Nile.

The plot became known to the traveller and his wife through a boy, of whom this is the history.

Saat was a boy who had been stolen by Arabs when a child of six, minding his father's goats, slung in a gumsack on the back

of a camel, and threatened with a knife if he made noise. The Arabs carried him hundreds of miles away from home, and sold him at Dongola, on the Nile, to slave dealers, who hoped to sell him to the government of Egypt for a drummer boy. He was rejected as too young, and at that time hearing from another child that there was protection to be had at the Austrian mission in Cairo, he effected his escape and fled for refuge there, where he was well received, taught Christianity, and afterwards placed in the mission at Khartoum, whence he was sent up the White Nile to a mission station in the Shillook country. The climate there killed thirteen missionaries in six months, and the boy returning with the remnant of his party to Khartoum, was re-admitted in the Khartoum mission. But that establishment was then swarming with little black boys, who were such hopeless thieves that the chief of the mission, resolving on a clean sweep, turned them all out, with honest little Saat among their number. A week before Mr. Baker left Khartoum this happened, and the miserable child came and knelt down in the dust at Mrs. Baker's feet, begging to be allowed to live with them and be their boy. He told how he had been turned out of the mission and was homeless. He was fed and forgotten; but next day, in the cool of the evening, he came again, and knelt at Mrs. Baker's feet in meek supplication. There was no want of a boy, but his appeal was touching; inquiry at the mission showed that he had borne an excellent character, and could only have been turned out with the others by mistake. Then Mr. and Mrs. Baker resolved to take charge of him. Mrs. Baker made him clothes, and duly cleaned and attired in trousers, blouse, and belt, he considered himself as belonging absolutely to his mistress. Thenceforth he was well cared for, and rewarded all the kindness he experienced with an unswerving faithfulness.

The faithful child was fearless too :

One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner, so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, "Whether the men were willing to march?" "Perfectly ready," was the reply. "Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment." The man appeared confused, but not

more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, "during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them." At first this charge was indignantly denied until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward, and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at daybreak the boy had reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined.

Mr. Baker was determined not to be driven back to Khartoum, and nobly supported by his wife, thus opposed a bold front to their extreme peril.

I immediately ordered an angarep (travelling bedstead) to be placed outside the tent under a large tree; upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck shot, a revolver, and naked sabre, as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the angarep, with Richarn and Saat, both with double-barrelled-guns behind me. Formerly I had supplied each of my men with a piece of mackintosh waterproof to be tied over the locks of their guns during the march. I now ordered the drum to be beat, and all the men to form in line in marching order, with their locks *tied up in the waterproof*. I requested Mrs. Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his locks, when I should give the order to lay down their arms. The act of uncovering the locks would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators.

I had quite determined that these scoundrels should not rob me of my own arms and ammunition, if I could prevent it.

The drum beat, and the vakeel himself went into the men's quarters, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to answer the call. At length fifteen assembled in line; the others were nowhere to be found. The locks of the arms were secured by mackintosh as ordered; it was thus impossible for any man to fire at me until he should have released his locks.

Upon assembling in line I ordered them immediately to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do. "Down with your guns this moment," I shouted, "sons of dogs!" And at the sharp click of the locks, as I quickly cocked the rifle that I held in my hands, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered. Some retreated a few paces to the rear; others sat down, and laid their guns on the ground; while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat

in twos, or singly, under the various trees about eighty paces distant. Taking advantage of their indecision, I immediately rose and ordered my vakeel and Richarn to disarm them as they were thus scattered. Foreseeing that the time had arrived for actual physical force, the cowards capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition if I would give them their written discharge. I disarmed them immediately, and the vakeel having written a discharge for the fifteen men present, I wrote upon each paper the word "mutineer" above my signature. None of them being able to read, and this being written in English, they unconsciously carried the evidence of their own guilt, which I resolved to punish should I ever find them on my return to Khartoum.

Thus disarmed, they immediately joined other of the traders' parties. These fifteen men were the "Jalyns" of my party, the remainder being Dongolowas: both Arabs of the Nile, north of Khartoum. The Dongolowas had not appeared when summoned by the drum, and my vakeel being of their nation, I impressed upon him his responsibility for the mutiny, and that he would end his days in prison at Khartoum should my expedition fail.

The boy "Saat" and "Richarn" now assured me that the men had intended to fire at me, but that they were frightened at seeing us thus prepared, but that I must not expect one man of the Dongolowas to be any more faithful than the Jalyns. I ordered the vakeel to hunt up the men, and to bring me their guns threatening that if they refused I would shoot any man that I found with one of my guns in his hands.

There was no time for mild measures. I had only Saat (a mere child), and Richarn, upon whom I could depend; and I resolved with them alone to accompany Mahommed's people to the interior, and to trust to good fortune for a chance of proceeding.

I was feverish and ill with worry and anxiety, and I was lying down upon my mat, when I suddenly heard guns firing in all directions, drums beating, and the customary signs of either an arrival or departure of a trading party. Presently a messenger arrived from Koorshid Aga, the Circassian, to announce the departure of Mahommed's party without me; and my vakeel appeared with a message from the same people, that "if I followed on their road (my proposed route), they would fire upon me and my party, as they would allow no English spies in their country."

Mr. Baker now arranged with the Circassian Koorshid for ten of his elephant hunters, half of whose wages he would pay, and with whom he would be getting ivory for Koorshid till next year, on condition that the Circassian brought with him to Gondokoro next season thirty black soldiers from Khartoum, with whom the journey onward could be then, after a twelvemonth's

delay, continued. Koorshid agreed, but none of his elephant hunters could be persuaded to attach themselves to the spy on the slave trade and the madman who was bent on going where he and his wife, and all who accompanied him, would be murdered by the natives.

My last hope was gone. Of course I thanked Koorshid for his good-will, and explained that I should not think of intruding myself upon his party, but that at the same time they should not drive me out of the country. I had abundance of stores and ammunition, and now that my men had deserted me, I had sufficient corn to supply my small party for twelve months; I had also a quantity of garden seeds, that I had brought with me in the event of becoming a prisoner in the country; I should therefore make a zareeba or camp at Gondokoro, and remain there until I should receive men and supplies in the following season. I now felt independent, having preserved my depôt of corn. I was at least proof against famine for twelve months. Koorshid endeavoured to persuade me that my party of only a man and a boy would be certainly insulted and attacked by the insolent natives of the Bari tribe should I remain alone at Gondokoro after the departure of the traders' parties. I told him that I preferred the natives to the traders' people, and that I was resolved; I merely begged him to lend me one of his little slave boys as an interpreter, as I had no means of communication with the natives. This he promised to do.

After Koorshid's departure, we sat silently for some minutes, both my wife and I occupied by the same thoughts.

No expedition had ever been more carefully planned; everything had been well arranged to ensure success. My transport animals were in good condition; their saddles and pads had been made under my own inspection; my arms, ammunition, and supplies were abundant, and I was ready to march at five minutes' notice to any part of Africa; but the expedition, so costly, and so carefully organized, was completely ruined by the very people whom I had engaged to protect it. They had not only deserted, but they had conspired to murder. There was no law in these wild regions but brute force; human life was of no value; murder was a pastime, as the murderer could escape all punishment. Mr. Pasherick's vakeel had just been shot dead by one of his own men, and such events were too common to create much attention. We were utterly helpless, the whole of the people against us, and openly threatening. For myself personally I had no anxiety, but the fact of Mrs. Baker being with me was my greatest care. I dared not think of her position in the event of my death amongst such savages as those around her. These thoughts were shared by her; but she, knowing that I had resolved to succeed, never once hinted an advice for retreat.

We left Mr. Baker at Gondokoro, saved from peril and owing his rescue in no slight degree to the courage and devotion of his wife. He and his wife were in a dreary hostile country far up the White Nile, with only one man and one boy of all their followers, Richarn and Saat, left true to them. But still the resolve was to push forward. Baggage should be left at Gondokoro, and on a couple of dromedaries and a couple of horses, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, with their two remaining attendants, would push for three days through the hostile tribe to reach friendly people at Moir. But beads were no currency, cattle was the only exchange, and the scheme was on several grounds impracticable. The mutineers were threatened and parleyed with. It was the parleying of a man who would not flinch. Seventeen of the men agreed to march to the east, but agreed, as Saat discovered, with the intention of mutinying at the station of a trader named Chenooda, seven days' march from Gondokoro in the Latooka country, and deserting to the slave hunters with Mr. Baker's arms and ammunition, shooting him if he attempted to disarm them.

That night I was asleep in my tent, when I was suddenly awoken by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in the tent, and I could distinguish a dark object crouching close to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed that my wife also noticed the object, as this was the signal that she made if anything occurred at night that required vigilance. Possessing a share of *sangfroid* admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a screamer, and never even whispered; in the moment of suspected danger, a touch at my sleeve was considered a sufficient warning. My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under my pillow and noiselessly pointed it within two feet of the dark crouching object, before I asked "Who is that?" No answer was given — until, upon repeating the question, with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied "Fadela." Never had I been so near to a fatal shot! It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum. Upon striking a light I found that the woman was streaming with blood, being cut in the most frightful manner with the corbatch (whip of hippopotamus's hide). Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, I found my angels in the act of flogging two women; two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and neck, while two men with powerful whips operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces, and they were literally covered with blood. The brutes had taken upon themselves the task of

thus punishing the women for a breach of discipline in being absent without leave. Fadela had escaped before her punishment had been completed, and had narrowly escaped being shot by running to the tent without giving warning. Seizing the corbatch from the hands of one of the executioners, I administered them a dose of their own prescription, to their intense astonishment, as they did not appear conscious of any outrage; — "they were only Slave women." In all such expeditions it is necessary to have women belong to the party to grind the corn and prepare the food for the men; I had accordingly hired several from their proprietors at Khartoum, and these had been maltreated as described.

There were two rival trader parties, that of Koorshid Aga and that of Chenooda, under one Mahommed Her, whose constant communication with Mr. Baker's men confirmed the report of the boy Saat that there was a plan among the men for going over to the traders at Chenooda's station. The two trading parties were unfriendly to each other, and both hostile to the Englishman, whom they regarded as a spy upon their traffic. Still the Englishman's resolve was to push forward.

The plan that I had arranged was to leave all the baggage not indispensable with Koorshid Aga at Gondokoro, who would return it to Khartoum. I intended to wait until Koorshid's party should march, when I resolved to follow them, as I did not believe they would dare to oppose me by force, their master himself being friendly. I considered their threats as mere idle boasting, to frighten me from an attempt to follow them; but there was another more serious cause of danger to be apprehended.

On the route, between Gondokoro and Latooka, there was a powerful tribe among the mountains of Ellyria. The chief of that tribe (Legge) had formerly massacred a hundred and twenty of a trader's party. He was an ally of Koorshid's people, who declared that they would raise the tribe against me, which would end in the defeat or massacre of my party. There was a difficult pass through the mountains of Ellyria, which it would be impossible to force; thus my small party of seventeen men would be helpless. It would be merely necessary for the traders to request the chief of Ellyria to attack my party to insure its destruction, as the plunder of the baggage would be an ample reward.

There was no time for deliberation. Both the present and the future looked as gloomy as could be imagined; but I had always expected extraordinary difficulties, and they were, if possible, to be surmounted. It was useless to speculate upon chances; there was no hope of success in inaction; and the only resource was to drive through all obstacles without calculating the risk.

Once away from Gondokoro we should be fairly launched on our voyage, the boats would have returned to Khartoum, thus retreat would be cut off; it only remained to push forward, trusting in Providence and good fortune. I had great faith in *presents*. The Arabs are all venal; and, having many valuable effects with me, I trusted, when the proper moment should arrive, to be able to overcome all opposition by an open hand.

The day arrived for the departure of Koorshid's people. They commenced firing their usual signals; the drums beat; the Turkish ensign led the way; and they marched at two o'clock p.m., sending a polite message, "*daring*" me to follow them.

I immediately ordered the tent to be struck, the luggage to be arranged, the animals to be collected, and everything to be ready for the march.

And so they started, Mr. and Mrs. Baker with the British flag flying behind them as a guide for the caravan of heavily laden camels and donkeys; and on a moonlight night, that of the 26th of March, 1863, they set forth, undaunted, upon their chosen path. It was important to march fast, and get through the country of the great chief of Ellyria before he had been made hostile by the Turkish traders. The Turks and Mr. Baker's party had halted on opposite sides of the same village.

I had no doubt that, by paying black mail, I should be able to clear Ellyria, provided I was in advance of the Turks, but should they out-march me there would be no hope; a fight and defeat would be the climax. I accordingly gave orders for an *immediate* start. "Load the camels, my brothers!" I exclaimed, to the sullen ruffians around me; but not a man stirred except Richara and a fellow named Sali, who began to show signs of improvement. Seeing that the men intended to disobey, I immediately set to work myself loading the animals, requesting my men not to trouble themselves, and begging them to lie down and smoke their pipes while I did the work. A few rose from the ground ashamed, and assisted to load the camels, while the others declared the impossibility of camels traveling by the road we were about to take, as the Turks had informed them not even the donkeys could march through the thick jungles between Belignan and Ellyria.

"All right, my brothers!" I replied; "then we'll march as far as the donkeys can go, and leave both them and the baggage on the road when they can go no farther; but *I go forward*."

With sullen discontent the men began to strap on their belts and cartouche boxes, and prepare for the start. The animals were loaded, and we moved slowly forward at 4.30 p.m. The country was lovely. The mountain of Belignan, although not exceeding 1,200 feet, is a fine mass of gneiss and syenite, ornamented in

the hollows with fine trees, while the general appearance of the country at the base was that of a beautiful English park well timbered and beautied with distant mountains. We had just started with the Bari guide that I had engaged at Belignan, when we were suddenly joined by two of the Latookas whom I had seen when at Gondokoro, and to whom I had been very civil. It appeared that these fellows, who were acting as porters to the Turks, had been beaten, and had therefore absconded and joined me. This was extraordinary good fortune, as I now had guides the whole way to Latooka, about ninety miles distant. I immediately gave them each a copper bracelet and some beads, and they very good-naturedly relieved the camels of one hundred pounds of copper rings, which they carried in two baskets on their heads.

These Latooka guides were of great service, when presently their knowledge of springs in advance saved a delay from the discovery that they had but a single skin of water. As they went on, the thorns of the overhanging branches of mimosa in the jungle ripped open the packages upon the backs of the tall camels, while the donkeys, short enough to keep their heads below the branches, walked in comfort.

We were now at the foot of a range of high rocky hills, from which the torrents during the rainy season had torn countless ravines in their passage through the lower ground; we were marching parallel to the range at the very base, thus we met every ravine at right angles. Down tumbled a camel; and away rolled his load of bags, pots, pans, boxes, &c. into the bottom of a ravine in a confused ruin.—Halt! . . . and the camel had to be raised and helped up the opposite bank, while the late avalanche of luggage was carried piecemeal after him to be again adjusted. To avoid a similar catastrophe the remaining three camels had to be *unloaded*, and re-loaded when safe upon the opposite bank. The operation of loading a camel with about 700 lbs. of luggage of indescribable variety is at all times tedious; but no sooner had we crossed one ravine with difficulty than we arrived at another, and the same fatiguing operation had to be repeated, with frightful loss of time, at the moment when I believed the Turks were following on our path.

The only fault to be found with the donkeys was that they were as much too clever as the camel is too stupid.

Accordingly my train of donkeys, being calculating and reasoning creatures, had from this night's experience come to the conclusion that the journey was long; that the road was full of ravines; that the camels who led the way would assuredly tumble into these ravines unless unloaded; and that as the re-loading at

each ravine would occupy at least half an hour, it would be wise for them (the donkeys) to employ that time in going to sleep — therefore, as it was just as cheap to lie down as to stand, they preferred a recumbent posture, and a refreshing roll upon the sandy ground. Accordingly, whenever the word "halt" was given, the clever donkeys thoroughly understood their advantage, and the act of unloading a camel on arrival at a ravine was a signal sufficient to induce each of twenty-one donkeys to lie down. It was in vain that the men beat and swore at them to keep them on their legs; the donkeys were determined, and lie down they would. This obstinacy on their part was serious to the march — every time that they laid down they shifted their loads; some of the most wilful persisted in rolling, and of course upset their packs. There were only seventeen men, and these were engaged in assisting the camels; thus the twenty-one donkeys had it all their own way; and what added to the confusion was the sudden cry of hyenas in close proximity, which so frightened the donkeys that they immediately sprang to their feet, with their packs lying discomfited, entangled among their legs. Thus, no sooner were the camels re-loaded on the other side of the ravine, than all the donkeys had to undergo the same operation; — during which time the camels, however stupid, having observed the donkeys' "dodge," took the opportunity of lying down also, and necessarily shifted their loads. The women were therefore ordered to hold the camels, to prevent them from lying down while the donkeys were being re-loaded; but the women were dead tired, as they had been carrying loads; they themselves laid down, and it being dark, they were not observed until a tremendous scream was heard, and we found that a camel had lain down on the TOP of a woman who had been placed to watch it, but who had herself fallen asleep. The camel was with difficulty raised, and the woman dragged from beneath.

At last, after other troubles and mishaps, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, two miles ahead of their party, with the friendly guides, were surrounded by five or six hundred natives. There was a humpback who spoke some Arabic and did the questioning.

"What countryman are you?" "An Englishman." He had never heard of such people. "You are a Turk?" "All right," I replied; "I am anything you like." "And that is your son?" (pointing at Mrs. Baker.) "No, she is my wife." "Your wife! What a lie! He is a boy." "Not a bit of it," I replied; "she is my wife, who has come with me to see the women of this country." "What a lie!" he again politely rejoined in the one expressive Arabic word, "Katab."

After this charmingly frank conversation he addressed the crowd, explaining, I suppose, that I was endeavoring to pass off a boy for a woman. Mrs. Baker was dressed similar to

myself in a pair of loose trousers and gaiters, with a blouse and belt—the only difference being that she wore long sleeves, while my arms were bare from a few inches below the shoulder. I always kept my arms bare as being cooler than if covered.

The curiosity of the crowd was becoming impertinent, when at an opportune moment the chief appeared. To my astonishment I recognized him as a man who had often visited me at Gondokoro, to whom I had given many presents without knowing his position.

There was hope now of getting through Ellyria, where, in a dangerous pass, a trader's party of 126 men, all armed, had been massacred to a man the year before. Beyond that terrible pass was plain ground the whole way to Latooka. Mr. and Mrs. Baker had ridden on to examine the ground, and at the head of the ravine had dismounted and were sitting on a rock.

For a long time we sat gazing at the valley before us in which our fate lay hidden, feeling thankful that we had thus checkmated the brutal Turks. Not a sound was heard of our approaching camels; the delay was most irksome. There were many difficult places that we had passed through, and each would be a source of serious delay to the animals.

At length we heard them in the distance. We could distinctly hear the men's voices; and we rejoiced that they were approaching the last remaining obstacle; — that one ravine passed through, and all before would be easy. I heard the rattling of the stones as they drew nearer; and, looking towards the ravine, I saw emerge from the dark foliage of the trees within fifty yards of us the hated *red flag and crescent, leading the Turks' party!* We were outmarched!

One by one, with scowling looks, the insolent scoundrels filed by us within a few feet, without making the customary salaam; neither noticing us in any way, except by threatening to shoot the Latooka, our guide, who had formerly accompanied them.

Their party consisted of a hundred and forty men armed with guns; while about twice as many Latookas acted as porters, carrying beads, ammunition, and the general effects of the party. It appeared that we were hopelessly beaten.

However, I determined to advance, at all hazards, on the arrival of my party; and should the Turks incite the Ellyria tribe to attack us, I intended, in the event of a fight, to put the first shot through the leader. To be thus beaten, at the last moment was unendurable. Boiling with indignation as the insolent wretches filed past, treating me with the contempt of a dog, I longed for the moment of action, no matter what were the odds against us. At length their leader, Ibrahim, appeared in the rear of the party. He was riding on a donkey, being the last of the line, behind the flag that closed the march.

I never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. A mixed breed, between a Turk sire and Arab mother, he had the good features and bad qualities of either race. The fine, sharp, high-arched nose and large nostril; the pointed and projecting chin; rather high cheek-bones and prominent brow, overhanging a pair of immense black eyes full of expression of all evil. As he approached he took no notice of us, but studiously looked straight before him with the most determined insolence.

The fate of the expedition was, at this critical moment, retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call him, to insist upon a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but, upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. I ordered him to sit down, as his men were ahead and we were alone.

Reasoning, backed by a good bribe, prevailed, and the English travellers were suffered to make the acquaintance and to take the portrait of Leggé, the chief of Ellyria, "about the greatest rascal that exists, even in Central Africa." Leggé would take all he could get, and asked for much, but would give or sell nothing, except honey.

My men were starving, and I was obliged to serve them out rice from my sacred stock, as I had nothing else to give them. This they boiled and mixed with honey, and they were shortly sitting round an immense circular bowl of this rarity, enjoying themselves thoroughly, but nevertheless grumbling as usual. In the coolest manner possible the great and greedy chief, Leggé, who had refused to give or even to sell anything to keep us from starving, no sooner saw the men at their novel repast than he sat down among them and almost choked himself by cramming handfuls of the hot rice and honey into his mouth, which yawned like that of an old hippopotamus.

Ellyria was left by both parties together, Mr. Baker's men following the traders, and Ibrahim, now conciliated, warning the English travellers of the premeditated treachery of his own followers. In due time the mutiny broke out, Bellāl boldly marching up to Mr. Baker as its ringleader.

I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment; this was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. "Lay down your gun," I

thundered, "and load the camels!" "I won't"—was his reply. "Then stop here!" I answered; at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw,

He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand; and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat, and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed. Richarn and Sali both shouted to them to "hurry up;" and the vakeel arriving at this moment and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted, and urged the men to obey.

Ibrahim's party had started. The animals were soon loaded, and leaving the vakeel to take them in charge, we cantered on to overtake Ibrahim, having crushed the mutiny, and given such an example, that in the event of future conspiracies my men would find it difficult to obtain a ringleader. So ended the famous conspiracy that had been reported to me by both Saat and Richarn before we left Gondokoro;—and so much for the threat of firing simultaneously at me and deserting my wife in the jungle." In those savage countries success frequently depends upon one particular moment; you may lose or win according to your action at that critical instant. We congratulated ourselves upon the termination of this affair, which I trusted would be the last of the mutinies.

The punishment he got on this occasion saved, as it turned out, the life of Bellāl. He and four other men deserted, carrying with them Mr. Baker's guns and ammunition, to the trading party of Mahommed Her. Mr. Baker said angrily of them, "Inshallah, the vultures shall pick their bones," and as Turks and Africans believe in the evil eye, the words raised superstitious fears. The prophecy was realized, and to tell how is to give a picture of one of the reverses in the "trade" that English eyes were not to see. Here, then, is the form taken by a Central African failure in business:

One day, at about three p.m., the men of Ibrahim started upon some mysterious errand, but returned equally mysterious at about midnight. On the following morning I heard that they had intended to attack some place upon the mountains, but they had heard that it was too powerful; and as "discretion is the better part of valour," they had returned.

On the day following I heard that there had been some disaster, and that the whole of Mahommed Her's party had been massacred. The

natives seemed very excited, and messenger succeeded messenger, all confirming the account that Mahommed Her had attacked a village on the mountains, the same that Ibrahim had intended to attack, and that the natives had exterminated their whole party.

On the following morning I sent ten of my men with a party of Ibrahim's to Latome to make inquiries. They returned on the following afternoon, bringing with them two wounded men.

It appeared that Mahommed Her had ordered his party of 110 armed men, in addition to 300 natives, to make a razzia upon a certain village among the mountains for slaves and cattle. They had succeeded in burning a village, and in capturing a great number of slaves. Having descended the pass, a native gave them the route that would lead to the capture of a large herd of cattle that they had not yet discovered. They once more ascended the mountain by a different path, and arriving at the kraal, they commenced driving off the vast herd of cattle. The Latookas, who had not fought while their wives and children were being carried into slavery, now fronted bravely against the muskets to defend their herds, and charging the Turks, they drove them down the pass.

It was in vain that they fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, behind which the enemy was hidden. Rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above; they were forced to retreat. The retreat ended in a panic and precipitate flight. Hemmed in on all sides, amidst a shower of lances and stones thrown from the mountain above, the Turks fled *pelle-mêle* down the rocky and precipitate ravines. Mistaking their route, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat. The screaming and yelling savages closed around them. Fighting was useless; the natives under cover of the numerous detached rocks, offered no mark for an aim; while the crowd of armed savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of the great precipice about five hundred feet below. Down they fell! hurled to utter destruction by the mass of Latookas pressing onward! A few fought to the last; but one and all were at length forced, by sheer pressure, over the edge of the cliff, and met a just reward for their atrocities.

My men looked utterly cast down, and a feeling of horror pervaded the entire party. No quarter had been given by the Latookas; and upwards of 200 natives, who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had also perished with their allies. Mahommed Her had not himself accompanied his people, both he and Bellaal, my late ringleader, having remained in the camp; the latter having, fortunately for him, been disabled, and placed *hors de combat* by the example I had made during the mutiny. My men were almost green with awe, when I asked them solemnly, "Where were the men who had deserted from me?" Without answering a word they brought two of my guns and

laid them at my feet." They were covered with clotted blood mixed with sand, which had hardened like cement over the locks and various portions of the barrels. My guns were all marked. As I looked at the numbers upon the stocks, I repeated aloud the names of the owners. "Are they all dead?" I asked. "All dead," the men replied. "*Food for the vultures?*" I asked. "None of the bodies can be recovered," faltered my vakeel. "The two guns were brought from the spot by some natives who escaped, and who saw the men fall. They are all killed." "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty. The hand of God is heavy," I replied. My men slunk away abashed, leaving the gory witnesses of defeat and death upon the ground. I called Saat and ordered him to give the two guns to Richarn to clean.

Not only my own men but the whole of Ibrahim's party were of opinion that I had some mysterious connexion with the disaster that had befallen my mutineers. All remembered the bitterness of my prophecy, "The vultures will pick their bones," and this terrible mishap having occurred so immediately afterwards took a strong hold upon their superstitious minds. As I passed through the camp the men would quietly exclaim, "Wah Illahi Hawaga!" (My God! Master.) To which I simply replied, "Robine fe!" (There is a God.) From that moment I observed an extraordinary change in the manner of both my people and those of Ibrahim, all of whom now paid us the greatest respect.

But the natives, of course, were made hostile. The Latooka war-drum sounded. The whole country was up. That danger passed, we have the account of an elephant hunt, and then of Mr. and Mrs. Baker's journey into the Obbo country, whither Mrs. Baker, almost dying with fever, was carried in a rude palanquin of her husband's making. Arrived in Obbo, says Mr. Baker,

Both my wife and I were excessively ill with bilious fever, and neither could assist the other. The old chief, Katchiba, hearing that we were dying, came to charm us with some magic spell. He found us lying helpless, and he immediately procured a small branch of a tree, and filling his mouth with water, he squirted it over the leaves and about the floor of the hut; he then waved the branch around my wife's head, also around mine, and completed the ceremony by sticking it in the thatch above the doorway; he told us we should now get better, and perfectly satisfied, he took his leave. The hut was swarming with rats and white ants, the former racing over our bodies during the night, and burrowing through the floor, filling our only room with mounds like mole-hills. As fast as we stopped the holes, others were made with determined perseverance. Having a supply of arsenic, I gave them an entertainment, the effect being disagreeable to all parties, as the

rats died in their holes, and created a horrible effluvia, while fresh hosts took the place of the departed. Now and then a snake would be seen gliding within the thatch, having taken shelter from the pouring rain.

The small pox was raging throughout the country, and the natives were dying like flies in winter. The country was extremely unhealthy, owing to the constant rain and the rank herbage, which prevented a free circulation of air, and from the extreme damp induced fevers. The temperature was 65° Fahr. at night, and 72° during the day; dense clouds obscured the sun for many days, and the air was reeking with moisture. In the evening it was always necessary to keep a blazing fire within the hut, as the floor and walls were wet and chilly.

The wet herbage disagreed with my baggage animals. Innumerable flies appeared, including the Tsetse, and in a few weeks the donkeys had no hair left, either on their ears or legs; they drooped and died one by one. It was in vain that I erected sheds, and lighted fires; nothing would protect them from the flies. The moment the fires were lit, the animals would rush wildly into the smoke, from which nothing would drive them, and in the clouds of imaginary protection they would remain all day, refusing food. On the 16th of July my last horse, Mouse, died; he had a very long tail, for which I obtained a cow in exchange. Nothing was prized so highly as a horse's tail, the hairs being used for stringing beads, and also for making tufts as ornaments, to be suspended from the elbows. It was highly fashionable in Obbo for the men to wear such tufts, formed of the bushy ends of cows' tails. It was also "the thing" to wear six or eight polished rings of iron, fastened so tightly round the throat as to almost choke the wearer, somewhat resembling dog-collars.

But still Mr. and Mrs. Baker battled through their troubles. The Victoria White Nile was reached, and King Kamrasi, who had been visited by Speke and Grant and plundered them before he let them go. Upon Mr. Baker he capped all other claims by claim of his wife. "I will send you," he said, "to the lake and to Shooa, as I have promised; but you must leave your wife with me."

At that moment we were surrounded by a great number of natives, and my suspicions of treachery at having been led across the Kafoor river appeared confirmed by this insolent demand. If this were to be the end of the expedition I resolved that it should also be the end of Kamrasi, and, drawing my revolver quietly, I held it within two feet of his chest, and looking at him with undisguised contempt, I told him, that if I touched the trigger, not all his men could save him; and that if he dared to repeat the insult I would shoot him on the spot. At the same time I explained to him that in my country such insolence would entail bloodshed,

and that I looked upon him as an ignorant ox who knew no better, and that this excuse alone could save him. My wife, naturally indignant, had risen from her seat, and maddened with the excitement of the moment, she made him a little speech in Arabic (not a word of which he understood), with a countenance almost as amiable as the head of Medusa. Altogether the *mise en scene* utterly astonished him; the woman Bacheta, although savage, had appropriated the insult to her mistress, and she also fearlessly let fly at Kamrasi, translating as nearly as she could the complimentary address that "Medusa" had just delivered.

Whether this little *coup de theatre* had so impressed Kamrasi with British female independence that he wished to be off his bargain, I cannot say, but with an air of complete astonishment, he said, "Don't be angry! I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours; it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it, there's an end of it; I will never mention it again."

On the onward way Mrs. Baker was struck down by a *coup de soleil*, and carried on insensible, breathing only about five times a minute.

We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place; she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile?

Again the night passed away. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as though in a dream. The same wild country diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay, as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

The morning was not far distant ; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more ; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

The morning broke ; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, "Thank God," faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness ! She spoke, but the brain was gone !

I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely ; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and M'tese's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening ; she had been in violent convulsions successively — it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut ; covered her with a scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave !

But next morning the crisis was passed, and after two more days of rest the journey was continued. They were near the Great Lake, which forms, with the previously discovered Victoria N'yanza, the Nile source, and the discovery of which was to be the reward of the brave Englishman and his brave wife for all their steadfast energy.

I had hoped, and prayed, and striven through all kinds of difficulties, in sickness, starvation, and fatigue, to reach that hidden source ; and when it had appeared impossible, we had both determined to die upon the road rather than return defeated. Was it possible that it was so near, and that to-morrow we could say, "the work is accomplished ?"

The 14th March. — The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the en-

thusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully and clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me ! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, — a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun ; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment — here was the reward for all our labour — for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile ! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honour of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about 7,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters — upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness — upon that great source so long hidden from mankind ; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings ; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake "the Albert N'yanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

This is one of the best personal narratives of travel and adventure that has been written for many years. Others are more ethnological, entomological, philological, geological, botanical ; Mr. Baker simply tells how he and his wife got to the Lake they discovered. He tells a plain unvarnished tale in his own way, unconsciously developing his character as he goes on, because he has a mind of his own and speaks it. That his perils were shared by his wife trebles the interest of Mr. Baker's story, which makes a far better book than Captain Speke's account of the journey to the other lake, and, as a personal narrative, is more interesting than even the capital books of Du Chaillu and Livingstone. Indeed we must go back to Purchas's Pilgrims, or look to some of the best later narratives of Arctic

heroism, for travellers' tales equal in interest to Mr. Baker's. M. Vambéry had a most interesting record of perilous adventure, so also had Mr. Palgrave, but these gentlemen evaded danger by disguising their own nationality, affecting to be what they were not, and habitually speaking as they did not think. Mr. Baker marched into Central Africa as an Englishman who would not and could not disguise his nationality to save himself from being skinned alive. He took his wife, and in her his English home, with him wherever he went. The strength of the home tie, the tenderness and latent earnestness, the honourable British prejudices, the habitual good humour, the energetic spirit of adventure, firmness of purpose, are all good English characters delightfully expressed throughout the progress of this excellent Englishman, who is so far from disguising himself to evade peril, that when a nigger, in whose power he seems to be, is impudent, he simply and coolly knocks him down. There is a good humour and kindliness, too, in these English travellers that serves them

in good stead. When Mr. Baker travels with a set of men who hate him theoretically, they don't hate him long. A porter to the Turkish traders throws down his load and runs away. Mr. Baker catches him and brings him back, but also begs him off from punishment. Then the Turks of the party begin to like him for his dexterity, and the porters too for his humanity. Mr. Baker does not think much of the blacks, and rather suspects that his wife's pet monkey is right in looking down upon them as inferior beings, but his humanity stands always between them and oppression, and have we not seen how he and his wife won the devoted service of the boy Saat? To the simple honesty of the book, and to the frank and sturdy writer's natural refinement, belongs sometimes a delicacy of touch that art alone would not help the skilled writer to attain. For example, the good taste without conventionalism that marks every part of the narrative which brings Mrs. Baker upon the scene is one of the most charming features of the book.

HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune, "Old Hundred."

To Thee, O God, all praise belongs
For our loved country, purged from wrongs;
Do Thou, we pray, the right sustain,
And keep her glory, bought through pain.

Wide are our hills; from base to peaks
One voice of praise Thy presence seeks;
Fertile our plains, and through their length
The nation's prayer rolls up in strength.

O Lord, give Thou thy guidance still!
With single aim thy servant fill!
Rulers and ruled we come to Thee,
From worldlings' service set us free!

We would not call our work divine,
The glory, Lord, is wholly Thine!
A host redeemed, we reach the shore,
And praising, count our griefs no more.

— *Transcript.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham, M. P. (1783-1809). Edited by Mrs. HENRY BARING. London: 1866.

LUCIAN, in his essay on the question 'How true history ought to be written,' passes a severe critical judgment on a writer of his day, who, in an account of some campaign of the Romans against the Parthians, devoted only a few lines to the great and terrible battle of Europus, while he described, in a most undignified and trivial manner, the adventures of one Mausacas, a Mausitanian trooper in the Roman army—how this trooper, falling in with an Assyrian peasant of the neighbourhood who happened to have been in Africa, was received with much good-fellowship, treated to a dinner, and to the narrative of his entertainer's exploits among the elephants and lions in the Sahara, of his landing at Cæsarea on his voyage home, and how much a purchase of fish cost him in the market there. No doubt Lucian, as a critic, is in the right. And yet, so much does the relative interest of past events change as the world gets older, that now, after two thousand years, while there is scarcely one of us who would care a straw for a minute account of that celebrated battle, we should be glad to know more of the Assyrian peasant and his household, and what he thought of Africa and the lions; and would not even despise his statistical information about the fish-market at Cæsarea in the second century. Even so with reference to much later times than these, as our interest in past public events begins to fade away, interest in the private, domestic, gossiping life of those whose fame is connected with them seems to grow even stronger.

William Windham was a man who made, to use a popular phrase, his mark on his age. He did, in his official character, very much towards raising the spirit and improving the position of the British soldier, and rendering him that instrument of marvellous efficiency used by Wellington to reconquer Spain and decide the great European conflict. And for nearly twenty years of that conflict, though others had a greater share in directing its political vicissitudes, few voices were so powerful and so inspiring as his in rousing that popular enthusiasm by which the battle was finally won. 'Nobody,' such was Pitt's own judgment of him, according to Lord Stanhope, 'can be so well-meaning and so eloquent as he: his speeches are the finest productions possible; full of warm imagination and

fancy. 'The late Lord Lansdowne,' says Mrs. Baring, 'when last at Felbrigg, in the year 1861, remarked that Mr. Windham had the best Parliamentary address of any man he had ever seen; which was enhanced by the grace of his person and the dignity of his manners.' The more laboured eulogy by Earl Grey, in his speech in the House of Lords on the occasion of the statesman's death, which she also quotes, we will pre-empt, as savouring a little too much for our purpose of the conventional funeral oration.

And yet, to our generation, Windham, the politician, begins to be a forgotten name. His rank, though considerable, was secondary, and secondary men, like secondary events, lose their public interest; while in the pages of memoirs and private journals, such as Lucian's ideal historian would have held cheap, their personages remain almost as fresh as ever. And it may be doubted whether the most complete biography of Windham which could be compiled out of Hansard and the Annual Register would have so much attraction for the ordinary reader as the very singular little journal which his kinswoman Mrs. Henry Baring has now published. It contains, indeed, but little of public interest. The writer was not in the habit of recording his thoughts on these subjects in his diary. It is chiefly a chronicle of the most private feelings of his mind, such as men in general most scrupulously conceal from others, and as far as possible even from themselves. It is a journal of the diagnosis of a mental constitution much diseased; and yet not so diseased as not to retain, even in its most trying paroxysms, the elements of recoverable health and vitality; a mind which does, in fact, though by very slow degrees, throw off its chronic complaint, inasmuch that, after many a year of incessant grappling with the strange fiend who besets him, he seems at last to repel the assaults with greater and greater ease, and, before middle life was fairly over, to emerge a conqueror.

Such, we say, is the singular chapter of internal history to which the ordinary reader is introduced by this volume. And the impression produced by it is even stronger on one who had made himself familiar, beforehand, with the previously known character of Windham. In the great band of English orators who flourished at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, he occupied, as we have said, only a second-rate position. And yet there were qualities in which he shone

above them all. His exquisite scholarship; his union of the thorough refinement of the English gentleman with the rougher and more dashing qualities which appeal to the multitude at large; the under-current of enthusiasm, kept in check only by a severely disciplined taste, which seems to penetrate from below the surface of his oratory; the hearty and chivalrous attachment to superior minds, which made him, high as his own position was, always accept that of a follower or disciple, towards Johnson, Burke, and Pitt by turns: these qualities of his mind and heart made an impression on those who remembered him even more marked than that produced by greater men. And in private life, the uniform verdict passed on him by society pronounced him brilliant and irresistible.

Such he is described by Lord Brougham, among his 'Statesmen.'

'From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment, he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often* have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave, or gay, or argumentative, or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the cloud of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely, and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and, while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been one, would ever an unkind word or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance.' (*British Statesmen.*)

'Whatever were his weaknesses,' (says Lord Holland, whose description of him as a politician is tinged with something of a personal antipathy,) 'as a speaker he was delightful. In fancy and imagery he was equal, in taste, and above all in delivery, he was far superior, to

the great god of his idolatry, Mr. Burke. If his views were somewhat less comprehensive, his arguments were closer, more subtle, and more perspicuous. His pride or noble spirit could occasionally supply something like vehemence and indignation; but real and earnest passion were not his forte. To a cold or indifferent critic he might, indeed, have appeared equal to Fox, to Pitt, or to Sheridan. In variety of illustration, in acuteness of logic, he scarcely yielded to the first; in felicity of language he approached the second; but in some yet greater qualifications he fell short of them all.' (*Memoirs of the Whig Party.*)

One point of weakness in his character was discernible indeed even to those who knew him but as a public man; both friendly and unfriendly observers have remarked on the vacillation both of his will and his judgment, which sometimes marred his efficiency as a speaker, and rendered 'Weathercock Windham,' honest as he was, somewhat uncertain as a colleague. 'He had,' says Lord Holland again, 'an irresolution amounting to childishness; and more ingenuity than judgment in founding his opinions.' And he accuses him, in particular, of wavering on the subject of the French Revolution; but the instance is an unlucky one. This charge, it must be admitted, is satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Croker in his review of Lord Holland's work in the Quarterly. Whatever Mr. Windham's waverings on minor points, on this he never varied. His anti-Jacobinism was without a flaw. And, like Burke or Southey, not like Pitt or Canning, he held Jacobinism for the undying Ariannes of the political world; all-bad, and almost all-powerful; always to be fought against, without hope of conquering it.

'Nothing can be more idle than the hope of the extinction of Jacobinism, either as an instrument to be used by France should her occasions require it, or as a principle ever to be eradicated out of any community in which it has taken once root.'

This he said in 1801, at a time when, to more hopeful spirits, France seemed to be passing from her Jacobin paroxysm into a more manageable condition, in which it would be possible to put a hook into the nostrils of Leviathan.

'He was too often (says Lord Brougham) the dupe of his own ingenuity, which made him doubt and blame, and gave an oscitant fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell. His na-

* We only see one mention of Brougham, as met at dinner, in the Diary; 1808, p. 475.

ture, too, perhaps owing to this hesitating disposition, was to be a follower, if not a worshipper, rather than an original thinker or actor; as if he felt some relief under the doubts which harassed him from so many quarters in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons the task of turning the scales, and forming his opinion for him. Accordingly, first Johnson in private, and afterwards Burke on political matters, were the deities whom he adored.*

The Journal now before us leaves no doubt of the origin of this and other peculiarities in Windham's mind and ways in which baffled observers of his own time, not so closely admitted into his intimacy. His vacillation of purpose was constitutional. It was part of that fearfully delicate mental organization of which these pages afford so many other evidences; an organization originally shaken, it would appear, by a long and dangerous fever in the early part of his life.

The following is the brief account given by Mrs. Baring of the history of the manuscript confided to her:—

'The "Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham" was given to me by my brother William Windham, a short time before his death, in December, 1854. It is in truth chiefly a record of Mr. Windham's wealth and feelings, made for himself alone, which can hardly be supposed to possess much general interest; but there are many passages interspersed in it, strongly indicative of his character, which I trust I shall be forgiven for wishing to rescue from oblivion. No portion of this Journal of any consequence* has ever been made public, with the exception of that which relates to the last moments of Dr. Johnson, which Mr. Croker included in his edition of Boswell's account of his life. The records of several years are also wanting, having been unfortunately mislaid long since. A life of Mr. Windham, prefixed to his speeches, was published by Mr. Amyot in 1821. If, after much consideration, I determine to submit these pages to the press, it is not with a view to enhance the fame of the writer, but to preserve some portions of a relic consigned to me (*φιλάνθρωπα κάτω δάκρυ εὐδομένη*), before that time shall have obliterated all names and traces of the former possessors of Felbrigg, and

* It is scarcely worth while, but we may just refer the reader to a passage in Croker's 'Boswell' (appendix), where he uses this Diary for a brief account of conversations between Windham and Johnson on a journey to Ashbourne in 1784. The extracts there given by no means agree with the corresponding pages of that now published; and Croker speaks of two copies—one then in the possession of Mr. Amyot, one of a Mr. Wright—in a manner which we do not profess to understand.

whilst there are still living those who cling with fondness to its memories.' (Preface, p. vii.)

The only extract of consequence from the Diary hitherto given to the public, and to which Mrs. Baring here makes allusion, is the remarkable and beautiful 'account of Dr. Johnson's last days, by Mr. Windham,' printed by Croker, and well known to all devourers of Boswell. Windham, as every one knows, was one of the great doctor's most favourite disciples; became early a member of 'the club,' and was constantly in his society during the latter years of his life. But we were scarcely aware before reading this Diary, how deeply the Johnsonian ways of thinking and speaking had entered into Windham's mind.

On the occasion of this extract, Mr. Croker says of the Diary that it—

'exhibits instances of a morbid, self-tormenting hypochondriacism, of which those who knew him only in society could have no idea.' 'Mr. Windham's Diary' (he says elsewhere) 'proves what I believe the world never suspected, that he was hypochondriacal to an extraordinary degree: in fact, at times crazy, and at all times liable to strange turns of mind. His hypochondriacal sensation he used to call "the feel,"* and it was the cause of his resignation of the office † of Secretary in Ireland, where he seems to have been but a month or two. I suppose, however, that as Mr. Windham advanced in years, this disorder abated. I, who knew him only in later life, never perceived anything of it.'

'It appears in this Journal that Mr. Windham laboured occasionally under a nervous and indeed morbid hesitation to do even the commonest things, and used to lose hours and days in deliberating whether he should do this or that trifling thing.'

We quote farther from a passage in Mr. Croker's review of Lord Holland, already cited (Quarterly, vol. xci. p. 227):—

'The volume from which we make our extracts is, or lately was, in the hands of Lord Colborne. Some of the entries, and among the most curious, are in Latin. Mr. Windham's papers were, soon after his death, entrusted to

* Mr. Croker has not remarked that this ugly word is Johnsonian, or at least mentioned by Windham in recording a conversation with Johnson. 'Argument about that *feel* which persons on great heights suppose themselves to have of a wish to throw themselves down.'

† We do not know Croker's authority for this assertion. Mr. Amyot, in the 'Life' prefixed to Windham's speeches, represents the cause of the resignation as simply political. But Amyot knew nothing, or concealed everything, respecting the mental peculiarities of his hero.

his and our friend George Ellis, who made some little progress in a life of him. Upon Mr. Ellis's death they were transferred to Mr. Amyot, who was to complete the work; but he too died *re infectâ* a year or two ago, and what has now become of the mass of papers we cannot tell.

Mr. Ellis had gone so far in preparing this work for publication as to write a very interesting preface, which Mrs. Baring now publishes; and we will farther trespass on our reader's patience by extracting from it some portions which throw light on its composition, and propound Mr. Ellis's own theory—not to our minds a quite satisfactory one—of the circumstances and mental impulses under which it was written.

'It is not improbable that the project of undertaking this troublesome task may have been suggested to Mr. Windham by his friend, Dr. Johnson, to whose advice he always listened with reverence, and whose example he was ever disposed to follow. The reader will have frequent occasion to remark that the species of mental discipline to which Mr. W. was so anxious to subject himself was, even in many minute particulars, exactly conformable to the practice of Dr. Johnson. To establish the empire of reason over imagination was their common object; and with a view to acquire the power of continued thought undisturbed by the intrusion of fancy, they imposed on themselves the same exercises; accustoming themselves to occasional composition in the learned languages, converting Greek into Latin epigrams, and taxing the memory by long mental calculations. An English translation of "Thuanus" was, as Mr. Boswell relates, frequently meditated by Dr. Johnson, and has been partly executed by Mr. Windham, with that sort of reluctant diligence which would be almost unaccountable if, in undertaking the task, he had been solely guided by his own predilection for the voluminous historian. Dr. Johnson wrote, in two quarto volumes, a diary of his own private life, and strongly recommended to his friends the adoption of this practice.

"The great thing to be recorded" (says he) "is the state of your own mind, and you should write down everything that you remember; for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately, while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

'There is, indeed, an apparent allusion to this advice amongst the minutes of a conversation with Dr. Johnson, which Mr. Windham has preserved, and which took place, as Mr. Boswell relates, when Mr. Windham, "before he set out for Ireland, as secretary to Lord Northampton, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, expressed to the sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring himself to

practise those arts which, it is supposed, a person in that situation has occasion to employ." The heads of Dr. Johnson's answer were, as appears by Mr. Windham's notes, "I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. ". . . Never be afraid to think yourself fit for anything for which your friends think you fit. . . .

"You will become an able negotiator; a very pretty rascal. . . .

"No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption. No one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing."

"Every day will improve another. *Dies diem docet*: by observing at night where you failed in the day, and by resolving to fail so no more." (Preface by Mr. Ellis, pp. xvi. xvii.)

Mr. Windham accordingly commenced his self-imposed task on January 1, 1784, and continued it pretty regularly until his death.

If anything was wanting to show the utter unsoundness (in its application to many, perhaps to most minds,) of the sage's advice to keep a diary of self-examination, these papers of Mr. Windham's would alone suffice for the purpose. The practice keeps morbidly alive that over-acute self-consciousness which in really healthy organizations is absent, in unhealthy ones should be as far as possible repressed, and which the patient should be taught to 'ignore' as far as possible. One cannot help believing that nothing tended more to maintain Mr. Windham's nervous feelings in activity for so many years.

'That a man in the bloom and vigour of life (Mr. Ellis continues), already distinguished by his various attainments, ambitious of every kind of distinction, and conscious that all were within his reach, should contemplate, with no common alarm, the prospect of being arrested in his career by a disease which, without much hastening his death, might deprive life of all its enjoyments, is perfectly natural. It is not less natural that, feeling himself responsible for the due use of his talents, and persuaded that the preservation of them depended on regular and active exertion, he should deplore, with sincere contrition, the frequent instances in which he had inadvertently resigned them to intervals of dangerous reaction. The corroding anxiety which had thus fastened on his mind, explains that sudden air of dejection which was sometimes observable even in his gayest moments, that "dread of competition, and habitual distrust of his own abilities," of which he often expresses his consciousness, and that hesitating indecision which formed such a singular contrast with the general firmness of his manly and intrepid character.'

"What a pity it is (says he, in an article of

his *Adversaria*) that a man cannot, for a while, stand at a distance from himself, and behold his own person, manner, behaviour, and character, with the eyes of a stranger! What a pity that no one can see himself as he is seen by everyone else! It is from this impossibility that one meets people every day, who are as perfect strangers to their own characters as a man would be to his own countenance who had never seen the reflection of it in a mirror. In this latter predicament few can be found; art, incited by vanity, having furnished us with such ready means of viewing our own persons. But there is no mirror that can, at one view, give us a distinct image of our characters. That image is only to be formed like the map of some of the planets, from the result of observation, made with pain and difficulty, and at various times. For this reason few people ever form it at all, but remain in such total ignorance of the appearance of their own characters, as seen from without, that nothing is more common than to hear a man arraigning in others the very failings for which he is himself most notorious, and treating his own favourite follies, the very vices of his own bosom, with as much severity as if he had not the smallest kindred or relation with them."

'It was such an image of his own mind that Mr. Windham was desirous of delineating for his own improvement; and if that image be, as it certainly is, extremely different from the idea of him impressed upon the memory of his friends, it is only because he was able to discover, and disposed to exaggerate, defects which were invisible to any other observer.' (Pp. xix. xxi.)

It follows, of course, that this Diary is of the most strictly private character. It is highly improbable that Windham ever intended any eye to see it but his own. In the first place, he had the habit, common to him with many men of business, of noting down, almost every day, the places he had visited, the business he had transacted, the persons he had met at dinner; but adding hardly a word of detail as to what passed, or as to his own thoughts. These were of course ordinary memoranda for the convenience of future reference. But besides this, he used the same diary, as we have seen, for the separate purpose of noting down the daily variations of his own mental barometer. Of the ordinary gossip of a genial diarist there is next to none. As years advance, the character of the memoranda somewhat changes; the entries are briefer and more careless; but at the same time they contain rather more of remark on what was passing around him; in his last years, even to the heads of discussions, and the divisions, in the Cabinet; a breach we fear, of certain recognised obligation,

which nothing but the *bonâ fide* privacy of the Diary could excuse.

To appreciate more fully the predisposing causes which trained so peculiar a character, the reader must remember that Windham was through life the possessor of an ample fortune, to which he succeeded in boyhood, an only child. He married late in life, and had no offspring. He was exempt nearly all his days from common anxieties and common interests. His family affections, so far as this Diary gives intimations, were chiefly centered on one object — Mrs. Lukin (Catherine Doughty), wife of his half-brother on the mother's side, who became Dean of Wells. It was to this gentleman's issue that Mr. Windham devised all his Norfolk property; they took the name of Windham; and from them proceeded the last unhappy and too notorious owner of Felbrigg. Mrs. Lukin was established, during many of the years comprehended in this Diary, in the parsonage at Felbrigg; and there is something almost feminine in the tenderness which marks almost every entry respecting her; his uneasiness when long absent from her, and his self-reproach when, from some wayward reason or other, he fancies that he has not found the pleasure he expected in her society.

'The chief interruption was the having Mrs. Lukin with me, which certainly operates in that way, whatever compensation it may bring in the pleasure of her company. How it is that her presence, so little restraint as it imposes, should be a hindrance to employment is not discoverable at first sight; nor indeed, perhaps, be in fact so, if there was nothing wrong in the habits of my own mind. The great desideratum with me is, continuity of thought; whatever touches me in that part is liable to leave a wound that is long in curing.' (P. 139.)

'June 23rd, 1788. — I have promised her tonight that my absence will not make me forget her, and certainly if I forget her, whom shall I remember? Where shall I ever find one so amiable, so worthy, of understanding so acute, of integrity so confirmed, of disposition so pure, and attached to me from feelings of such genuine affections?'

'September 19th, 1789. — Uncomfortable from the same causes that had made me so before. I had not despatched my business as I ought, nor felt the power to do so now. The *feet* was increased by some irritation, more than was wise, at the folly of George bringing his boy John to breakfast, to be stuffed with chocolate, &c., at the expense of our conversation. After various delays I set off with George in the chaise, not till it was so late as to leave little hopes of reaching Ipswich before eleven. In setting off, it occurred to me that I had done

wrong not to ride to Aylsham. I accordingly ran back for my horse, and thus had the satisfaction of again taking leave of Mrs. Lukin, though my riding back so unexpectedly occasioned a momentary alarm.'

'*March.*—Journey [to London] not unpleasant, except to Mrs. Lukin, who was low-spirited and affected with something which I had said beyond what she ought.'

On one occasion he ascribes to this lady the credit of inspiring him with the point of one of his most remarkable early speeches.

'*December, 1787.*—Amongst the events of this time I must not forget the speech about Francis*, which seemed clearly to have been the best I ever made, and which, by the credit given to it, entitles me to pronounce with greater confidence on the degree of admiration due to public speaking. In the whole of that speech nothing was found that I had not on various occasions said before in company, without exciting any particular observation in those who heard me, or appearing to myself particularly to have observed it. For some time before my leaving town Mrs. Lukin had been with me; she was in town at the time when the speech above mentioned was made, and had suggested, in talking upon the subjects, one of the points which I afterwards made use of, and which was just as good, for aught I know, as any of those with which it was associated. Our journey was delayed a day for the sake of the battle, at Staines, between Ryan and Johnson, which I went to see. Next morning Mrs. Lukin, myself, and Robert set off for Felbrigg.'

Windham, it will be remembered, was not only much associated with Francis in politics (in the management of the Hastings' impeachment), but he was also one of the very few personal friends and intimates of that unpopular man. An entry of the year 1786 is curious from the high estimate it contains of the oratorical powers of Sir Philip. The debate in question was on the

* About the exclusion of Francis from the list of managers of the impeachment. It is a singular circumstance, and has not, so far as we know, been adverted to by any combatant in the Julian controversy, that when Sir Philip Francis was attacked in the House of Commons for having allowed himself to be included in that list,—he having had a quarrel with Hastings, and fought a duel with him,—he cited Sir William Draper as a person whom he had consulted, and who had approved of his conduct. 'The honourable person whom I consulted is no more, and for that reason I have been hitherto tender of mentioning his name. Those who knew Sir William Draper, I am sure will acknowledge that there could not be a stricter and more scrupulous Judge of points of honour than he was. If it were possible to produce the opinion he gave me in approbation of the conduct I have pursued, I should look no farther.' (*Debate of December 11, 1787.*)

'*Rohilla*' charge. Windham's speech is very briefly given in the *Parliamentary History*.

'*June 1st, 1786.*—By the time I got there (to the House) my mind had got into some disorder, and my spirits into some agitation; and by the time Burke had finished I found myself in no good state to speak. The same state continued, though with a little amendment, to the time of my rising. Yet I contrived, somehow, to steady and recover myself in the course of speaking, and so far executed what I had prepared, that I conceive it to be fashion to talk of what I did as rather a capital performance. 'Tis a strong proof on what cheap terms reputation for speaking is acquired, or how capricious the world is of its allotment to different people. There is not a speech of mine which, in comparison of one of Francis's, would, either for language or matter, bear examination for one moment; yet about my performances in that way a great fuss is made, while of his nobody speaks a word.' (Pp. 77, 78.)

'Let any one (he elsewhere says) remember the reception and examine the language and matter of any of Francis's speeches and then say what the proportion is, on matters of this sort, between praise and merit. Francis's speeches are regular compositions, exhibiting in many parts great force of thought and conceived, throughout, in language peculiarly elegant and energetic. I know not any one whose speeches, in respect of clearness and force of diction, can stand in competition with Francis's. What I have said at any time must come infinitely short, since I should despair very much, even, of writing such language. What I have said can, in fact, rise to no higher character than that of a few loose points, acutely argued and sometimes forcibly expressed. So much for that.' (P. 175.)

Although these pages evince abundantly his affectionate interest in all the members of the Lukin family, who were his nearest connexions—whole blood-relations he had none—they give little insight into his personal affections, except, as we have said, for Mrs. Lukin. His marriage with Cecilia Forrest, an old friend of his family, did not take place until 1798; and he says but little about it. The first entry on the subject, indeed, only a fortnight after the ceremony, is not encouraging.

'*August 2nd, 1798.*—Drawing Room. Presentation at dinner. Lady Palmerston, Lady Mary Fordyce, Malone, who came in by chance. Lady M. stayed till late. Cecey when I came down, had singed her feathers. Slight ill humour.'

Even the most cursory biographer ought to record that notwithstanding this ominous

start, 'Cecy' made the eccentric bachelor an excellent wife, and is said to have been a most agreeable woman; the Queen and Princesses were very partial to her society.

More than half of Windham's daily life, throughout the greater part of this Journal, was devoted to London, politics, and literature; the remainder chiefly to Felbrigg. It is a place which has inspired much attachment to those connected with it; and this feeling has been shared for generations by those families of Eastern England who are accustomed to seek health and recreation on the beach of Cromer and the breezy hills of the Norfolk coast. The Elizabethan mansion and the noble woods of Felbrigg formed the central point of the scenery and society of the district — the more venerated because they were associated to Norfolk eyes with the memory of Mr. Windham. Yet it is evident from the record of his life that he seldom enjoyed himself there, unless when soothed by the favourite company of his half-sister. The management of his affairs, and the duties of Norfolk society, bored him extremely; but, in his odd self-tormenting way, he seldom seems to have allowed himself an opportunity of escaping from them, and occupied his mind and his diary with long arguments as to why he was bored, and why he ought not to have been. Though it seems a strange thing to say of the enthusiastic defender, as Windham was esteemed, of British muscular pastimes, he was not a passionate or even habitual sportsman; his entries in that way are meagre and few; and while everything which gave him pleasure, or for a time diminished the 'feel,' is habitually recorded, neither the slaughter of birds nor the leaping of fences figures in that category. Nor, though of course accustomed to horsemanship, does he seem to have been an eager rider. One of his paradoxes was to stand up for bull-baiting as a preferable sport to horse-racing; and some of his memoranda seem to show that he suspected he was timid on horseback, and was disgusted with himself accordingly.

'March, 1786. — Arrived at Pytchley about eight o'clock. The company there, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Spencer, Damer, Conyers, and Lord Cathcart, who came down the same day; Isted, Assheton Smith, Harry Churchill, and afterwards Northey. Doughty did not come till the next day. The weather was very delightful, and we hunted the next morning. I rode Doughty's horse, Nobbs, and when we went out in the morning, and for some time afterwards, was foolish enough to entertain doubts of the sufficiency of my horsemanship. We

had a day delightful for the weather, and sport sufficient for my powers and wishes. Littleton Powys was in the field, and Hanbury, with whom I renewed my acquaintance.' (P. 74.)

'July 3rd, 1786. — Set off about twelve for Oxford, on horseback. Ride to Teddsworth; spirits gay; thoughts shamefully idle. Dined comfortably at Teddsworth, and should have arrived at Oxford pleasantly enough, if, in riding up Shotover to ease the horses in the carriage, my horse had not taken me by surprise, and turning violently round, and kicking upon being struck with the spur, thrown me off with a good deal of force. Though I was bruised a little, and made very sick, I should not have found myself so uncomfortable as I did, if I had not in some measure charged the fall as my own fault. I certainly fell at last from consenting to fall; yet I am not sure that I did unwisely and think, I am sure enough, that I was not frightened. What, perhaps, made me most uncomfortable was, the feeling that if I had been hurt as much by a blow and fall in boxing — which was a subject one had been talking of not long before, with the same apprehension, too, of possible serious hurt — how little inclination at heart I should have felt to continue the combat. I felt that if I had stood up, it would merely have been from fear of shame, and that all the ardour of combat would have left me. I argued, that if such could be the effects of pain so slight and danger so unlikely, what might happen in trials really severe? I hope in this, as in other cases, one should do better than, by inference from smaller things, one should suppose. The impression, however, destroyed the pleasure I should have had in arriving at Oxford.' (Pp. 80, 81.)

The same curious suspicion of his own manliness beset him whenever he experienced — what he was very fond of courting — a new 'sensation' in the way of danger. This is probably the case with most men; but then they do not record their remissness in diaries. Windham was not only one of the most chivalrous, but in mere personal as well as moral courage one of the bravest of men. He had dragged a mutinous militiaman with his own hands into the guardhouse, and stood at the door of it with his drawn sword, confronting alone a rush of the prisoner's comrades to the rescue with fixed bayonets. He had jumped out of his chair, after an election, into the middle of a hostile mob, and seized a man who was throwing a stone at him. And — in the way of moral courage — he had done the much more daring feat of defying in Parliament all the newspaper reporters, and provoking them to retaliate for some time by suppressing his speeches. But when going up in a balloon, or exposing himself at the siege of Valenciennes in the trenches,

he seems to aim at sinking himself below the level of ordinary mortals by persistent self-anatomy.

'May 5th, 1785. — Went up in balloon. Much satisfied with myself; and, in consequence of that satisfaction, dissatisfied rather with my adventure. Could I have foreseen that danger or apprehension would have made so little impression upon me, I would have insured that of which, as it was, we only gave ourselves a chance, and have deferred going till we had a wind favourable for crossing the Channel. I begin to suspect, in all cases, the effect by which fear is surmounted is more easily made than I have been apt to suppose. Certainly the experience I have had on this occasion will warrant a degree of confidence more than I have ever hitherto indulged. I would not wish a degree of confidence more than I enjoyed at every moment of the time.' (P. 52.)

'July 17th, 1793. — I accepted readily the offer of Major Crawford* to accompany me there (to the trenches before Valenciennes). It was not without anxiety that I ventured into a situation so new and untried, as that into which I was about to enter. It was impossible to tell the effect of circumstances which have been found occasionally to operate so strangely on minds not distinguishable beforehand from the rest of the world. How could I be certain that the same might not happen to me as happened to certain persons that one knows of? I did all that could be done in such a case; "omnia præcepti atque animo mecum ante peragi." How far I had succeeded could be known only by trial. The result of the trial answered, I am happy to say, to my most sanguine expectations. I think, with confidence, that during any part of the time I could have multiplied, if necessary, a sum in my head.'

Shortly afterwards, however, his self-cross-questioning took another and less comfortable turn.

'19th. — This was the day following the preceding, and that on which they fired some cannon-shot at us, by one of which Phipps's horse was wounded. I shall never fail to regret my foolish dilatoriness, and want of consideration, in not having decided then to take my leave. Had I gone then I had stayed a blessed time! By suffering myself to stay on beyond that, I have outstayed my interest, and left myself with a doubt upon my mind, for which, before there could not have been a pretence, whether something more should not have been done. I

* This brave officer (Sir R. Crawford, killed in Spain) was a peculiar favourite with Windham. It is said, with reference to the failure of the expedition against Buenos Ayres (for which the world found especial fault with him), that he was anxious to send Crawford there, and was overruled by the Horse-guards, from motives of routine, in favour of Whitlocke.

had seen the trenches the day of the truce; and when there was no danger, I had then gone down twice besides, once by daylight and once by night; at the former of which time there was a good deal of fire of cannon and shells, and at the latter of musketry. It was at the latter of those times that a sergeant of the 14th had his head shot off. I had rode about everywhere, and, as it happened, had run some risk. I had done enough to satisfy myself, and to show to others what, if it is very necessary to be conscious of oneself, it is pleasant also to have known. By not going to the storm of the covered way, though I forbore only, what everyone would have said it was absurd to do, except at least a few people, whose opinions perhaps are not worth much, yet I felt something below what some might have expected. One way of putting it may be, Was it a thing which would have been more praised or blamed had it been done? Would it, considering all circumstances, have raised the character of the actor or have depressed it? It is the hope that it might have had, with some good judges, even the latter effect, that can alone reconcile me to the not having done it. The decision taken of avoiding any intermediate course, if I was not wholly to engage, was, I think, right. I observed at least a distinct line, that of keeping throughout with the Duke of York. It is most fortunate for my own satisfaction that the Duke went into the trenches, and not amiss that there was, during the time, a pretty smart fire. The head of an Austrian was knocked off, who was walking a few paces before the Duke, and a guardsman was knocked down while we were standing near the battery. This was, I think, the 25th. Why did I not go away on the 23d? . . . Had I gone away before this question had arisen, I should have walked upon down; had I achieved the adventure, I should have trod on air.' (Pp. 283-5.)

By degrees he gets steady under fire, and then takes to finding fault with himself for his impassiveness.

'September 5th, 1794. — We soon after set out for camp. . . . It was a grand and (to me) a new situation; I am angry with myself that I did not seek to impress my mind with a fuller sense of the magnificence of it. The army of the enemy, of which we had heard so much, were advancing upon us. The action was going on in the close country in front. An attack, it was likely, would be made upon us in the morning. The fate of the British army and with that of the whole cause, probably, depended upon the event. What a situation for the imagination of Burke or Dr. Johnson! I am afraid I must say that I felt this hardly more than a grenadier; I hope only that I felt as much as a grenadier, at least, that if I felt it but little in one way I felt it but little also in another. The line was ordered out, and the Duke of York rode along it. . . . I took what occasions I could to say something animating

to the soldiers; but as that kind of eloquence has much of chance in it, I did not always succeed. The Duke of York, in an attempt or two that he made, failed most miserably. It is one of the talents in which he is defective.' (P. 89.)

To return to Windham at Felbrigg. It is not an uncommon thing for the owner of a fine place to get very tired of it now and then, and welcome the freedom of an inn as a considerable relief. See into what a curious compound of emotion this very ordinary propensity is transformed by the subtle alchemy of this analyst of himself.

October 13th, 1792. Oxford. — Dined at Malone's: only he. After sitting some time, during which I finished manuscript "Life of Milton," that I had begun before dinner, and had a good deal of not unpleasant talk, we walked out, and drank tea at coffee-house at the Angel, where I met Newnham. Thence, after another walk, more productive of pleasant images than a walk in Felbrigg woods, to my new lodgings at Kettle Hall. During the whole of my time of being here, I have felt strongly the share which place may have in determining the course and character of one's thoughts: all that it has done here has been for the better. My mind has been more gay; my thoughts more satisfactory; stronger impressions have been made; more of that has been felt which advances us, as Dr. Johnson says, in the order of thinking beings. . . . It is a great question with me this morning and last night, whether I should not leave Oxford to-morrow, and some time was lost in the consideration. I determined at last to make trial of a lodging, if it were only that I might make trial of the difference. The result is, for any time longer than a few days, there must be no hesitation about taking a lodging. My situation at the inn (the Cross) was for the time I stayed by no means uncomfortable. I could sit there in an evening or a morning, and think with as much effect as anywhere else. The bustle of it too, was not more than such a residence as Felbrigg, was pleasant rather than otherwise.' (P. 263.)

Of Windham's passionate addiction, as it may be truly termed, to classical and modern literature, but especially the former, and his profound studies in mathematics, this diary affords, as might be expected, the most copious evidence; his continual entries showing his pursuit of these subjects in the midst of the most engrossing avocations, even to the extent of injuring his efficiency in the political line, as he sometimes fancied.

'It would have been better for me, perhaps (he says in a letter to Mrs. Crewe, 1790), that I had never meddled with anything else; or,

meddling with other things, that I had begun to do so sooner. From some cause or other I am now a little of two characters, and good in neither; a politician among scholars, and a scholar among politicians. As Dr. Johnson said from Pope, of Lord Chesterfield, "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits."

'Under the present half of this divided empire, I am very sorry that Parliament is to meet before Christmas; and look with great concern to the termination that is to be put in three weeks' time to various schemes which I fancy now, if time was given me, I could pursue to some effect.'

But his numerous entries of severe literary labour alternate strangely with self-reproaches for idleness, inattention, and incapacity. They rarely, however, contain a literary judgment; which is disappointing. Some of the few which they do contain grate oddly on our ears. There is something ultra-Johnsonian in his contempt for Warburton. 'Read the first chapter also of that most absurd, dogmatical, and offensive book, the "Divine Legation Demonstrated."'

In his estimation of Churchill, so famous in his own day and so little read in ours, most people will probably agree with Windham.

'July 29th, 1802. — Passed the day at Cockburn's. I did nothing but read Churchill, which I found among Sir James's books: part of the "Ghost," and the "Conference." . . . Great facility of versification and style and occasionally considerable force of expression; some good strokes too of character; but in general, I think, from one reading, a great proportion of words to meaning.' (P. 438.)

But on the subject of Goldsmith he is so strangely tasteless and heretical, that we could scarcely believe our eyes when we came to the passage.

'20th. — After dinner slept only for a few minutes, afterwards "Vicar of Wakefield," which we just completed by supper and bedtime; a most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author, or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good, and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, false opinions, uninteresting digressions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt, and never being quite successful.' (P. 485.)

The best that can be said in the statesman's defence is to cite the object of his

never-dying worship. Dr. Johnson. The sage, we know from Boswell, was of opinion 'that sixty pounds was a sufficient price for the Vicar, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by the Traveller.' (to which Johnson himself had contributed some strokes). 'Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.'

'June 23rd, 1788. — Read in the morning some portion of different French books, among others, for the first time, some of Madame de Sévigné's "Letters." The quantity I read was not sufficient to enable me to form any judgment about them, except that they seem to be conversant chiefly, as letters ought, about such little circumstances and occurrences as people object to in the letters of Dr. Johnson. That they do not contain remarks so acute, and reflections so fine, I may venture to conjecture, without having read enough to assert. I will read more when I next go there, that is probably in the course of this week, in order to oppose this instance, if the fact should support me, to the petty and malignant cavils of those who object to the genuine and familiar correspondence of Dr. Johnson; that it does not recite important facts, nor abound in learned disquisitions.' (P. 141.)

Windham's delight in literature extended to its very receptacles. He never fails to specify a visit to one. On visiting Wentworth in 1785, in company with Burke, he says, 'In the morning I went with great eagerness into the library, and enjoyed there very strongly all that *feel* which a library usually excites.' It will not be forgotten that it was in working hard at a fire to save Mr. North's library, in 1809 (he rescued four-fifths of it), that he met with the injury which caused his death, through an operation, the year after.

Travelling, or rather touring, was another of the occupations of Windham's leisure; and several accounts of journeys at home and abroad are contained in the Diary. In 1783 he visited Scotland in company with Burke; but the record of his impressions is disappointing. The foul fiend hypochondria was one of the company, and the phrase 'melancholy reflections continued' furnishes the key-note of every day's entry. The following Burkiana are, however worth preserving.

'Burke's idea of the application of the character of Æneas to Augustus, as a person who kent his passion for women in subjection to his politics, and was contrasted in that respect to Antony.

'His general criticisms on the book, where Æneas introduces himself to Evander.

'The parallelisms of Virgil; always figurative, his verse slow — An idea of a prose style, that might be formed from Virgil, of what sort I did not well understand.

'Johnson and L'Estrange, the extremes of the English style.

'Every man has some little corner in his mind which he reserves for meanness — a slut's hole.

'Rather be turned out on the India Bill, than on the Prince of Wales's business; rather be drowned in the Ganges, than be wrecked on the harbourless coast of Wales.

'Lord Lovat's remark upon Sir Everett Fawcener, when he came to give evidence against him — "both their heads in a bad way."

'To some man who was with him when one of the rabble called out "to see the old villain" — "Which of us does he mean?"

We may remark, with reference to this account of his tour, that whether because his diary was kept for altogether another purpose, or whether the deficiency was common with the cultivated minds of that day, or whether something is to be allowed for a Norfolk man's infamiliarity with natural beauty, he scarcely ever vouchsafes a word of admiration to scenery; or, it may be added, to architecture, and such ordinary subjects of the tourist's interest. His adieu to Scotland is conveyed in something like the ring of the old song: —

'Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Bannocks and barley, cakes and kale;
Welcome, welcome, merry old England,
Laughing lasses and foaming ale.'

'Dined at Longtoun, just in the south of the river — the Esk, I think — that divides the counties. Carlisle — pleasant appearance and pleasant *feel* at approaching it. The North of England more connected in my imagination with old times than Scotland; and England itself viewed perhaps with more complacency.'

And so, when he returned from Switzerland a few years later, he only notes the delight of getting away.

Oct. 1st, 1788. — A letter I got in the morning from Mrs. Lukin assisted the effect of a fine day, and made me very gay. I am sorry to say that the pleasantest moments of my tour have been those which I have passed by myself. Something of uncomfortableness hung upon my mind, as it does perhaps still, from apprehension of ridiculous and vexatious distresses, in which I might be involved for want of speaking and understanding sufficiently the language; but that was overpowered by the other sources of satisfaction which I had; the consciousness of having fulfilled my purposes, and the prospect of being speedily in England, and the *feel* of being left at large to the govern-

ment of my own motions, and the enjoyment of my own thoughts. I travelled on therefore with great gaiety, walking generally before the chaise, the country being perfectly wild and mountainous, till about ten, when I reached at length La Maison Neuve.*

But of all the bye-enjoyments of Windham's life, even in his most melancholy days—in the intervals of his greater occupations of politics, literature, and deep intellectual study—nothing came up to a 'fight.' The entries on this subject are numerous, and often grotesquely intermingled with other matter.

'May 14th, 1784. — Saw a tight battle at the corner of Russell Street.'

'May 2nd, 1786. — The circumstances of the fight, which was the object of our excursion, need not be recorded. The winner's name was Humphries (Richard, I think); and the butcher's, Sam Martin. The man, by the way, of whom I won my bet, but of whom I probably may not get payment, was Young. The spectacle was upon the whole very interesting, by the qualities, both of mind and body, which it exhibited. Nothing could afford a finer display of character than the conduct and demeanour of Humphries, and the skill discovered far exceeded what I had conceived the art to possess. The mischief done could not have affected the most tender humanity.'

'Aug. 6th, 1787. — Detained between Nepean's house and the office till near five o'clock, when I found a set of people going to a battle in Tothill Fields. Got some dinner at the tavern in Palace Yard, and proceeded thence to the scene of action, where, between six and seven, saw very commodiously, from a dray, a smart battle between Jack Joseph, a soldier who showed upon his back floggings which he had received to a distinguished amount, and one Hardy, I think a carpenter. Joseph was bulky, but old and corpulent, and not a match for the other in activity, but he fought most courageously, and after eleven times being either thrown or struck down, gave me a great persuasion that he would win, even if his antagonist had not given out suddenly, in a way very discreditable either to his courage or his honesty. The opinion was, as I heard from Hanger and Ayton afterwards, that he fought booty.'

'June 9th, 1788. — I had been that morning with Fullerton and Palmer to Croydon, to a boxing-match, and after dinner went before coffee with Elliot and Cholmondeley to the philosophical fireworks. The boxing-match was, in consequence of a purse collected by subscription, under the direction of H. Aston, G. Hanger, &c. The combatants, Fewtrill and Jackson, both of them large; one of them, Jackson, a man of uncommon strength and activity, but neither of them of any skill, or

likely, so far as appeared upon that occasion, ever to become distinguished. The fight, which lasted an hour and ten minutes, was wholly uninteresting, it being evident from the beginning which was to prevail, and no powers or qualities being displayed to make the prevalence of one or the other a matter of anxiety. The fight which succeeded this between Crabb, a Jew, and Watson, a butcher from Bristol, under 21, was of a different character; so much skill, activity, and fine make, my experience in these matters has not shown me. After a most active fight of forty minutes the Jew was very fairly beat. There was also another fight, between a butcher and a spring-maker, neither of them large, but one of them, the butcher, a muscular man, which though smart enough for the time, ended soon by what seemed a shabby surrender on the part of the spring-maker; his plea was having sprained both his thumbs, or, as he called it, but not truly, according to their appearance to me afterwards, put them out.'

'Aug. 14th. — Straight on to town without stopping, as I had at first proposed at Burke's. The occasion of my hurrying on so much was, that I might write a letter to be inserted in one of the papers, to take off, as far as one could, the effect of the accident at Brighton,* of the death of a man in a boxing-match. I finished this, contrary to my usual practice in the execution of anything requiring any degree of thought, the next evening and the next morning, I think, sent it to the "Morning Chronicle."

'April 1st, 1792. — I let myself foolishly be drawn by Boswell to explore, as he called it, Wapping, instead of going when everything was prepared, to see the battle between Ward and Stanyard, which turned out a very good one, and which would have served as a very good introduction to Boswell.'

On July 20, 1805, he assists at a fight between Crib and Nichol, with a '*petite pièce* between a Jew and a jackass driver.' And the last entry on this subject we have noticed (October 25, 1808) records a battle at Moulsey, and then proceeds:—'First good beginning that has been made on treaties so necessary to be begun and concluded, on Negative Sign.'

Whenever the habits and ways of thinking of a rougher age are dying out under increase of refinement, some paradoxical intellect is pretty sure to be raised up to defend the old practices, and find glory in what the majority are beginning to regard as shame. Windham, himself cultivated to over-fastidiousness, took under his especial protection the brutal side of the old English sporting character. He was the last

* A man being killed in a prize-fight at Brighton, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Prince declared that he would not in future patronize or be present at any pugilistic contest.

genuine muscular Christian — for we must set down the sect who have been so styled in the present day as mere fantastic imitators. We cannot resist the temptation to illustrate his unique temperament by quoting perhaps the most famous, certainly the most eccentric, of his speeches, that in defence of bull-baiting (1802). His main argument was, that those who desired to abolish it must be either Jacobins or Puritans:—

‘In their devices to accomplish this object, there were two great parties united, the Jacobins and the Methodists, though the object they had in view by this change were essentially different. By the latter every moral amusement was condemned with a vigour only to be equalled by the severity of the puritanical decisions. . . . By the Jacobins, on the other hand, it was an object of important consideration to give to the disposition of the lower orders a character of greater seriousness and gravity, as the means of facilitating the reception of their tenets; and to aid this design, it was necessary to discourage the practice of what were termed idle sports and useless amusements. This was a design which he should ever think it his duty strenuously to oppose. . . . When he condemned the excesses to which bull-baiting gave rise, had he forgotten all the confusion and riot which horse-racing produced? He himself did not object to the practice of horse-racing, since there were so many individuals to whom it was a source of pleasure. But he might be allowed to remind the House of the observation of Dr. Johnson, who has expressed his surprise at the paucity of human pleasures, when horse-racing constituted one of the number. To horse-racing he was himself no more a personal enemy than to boxing; though in making this observation he was far from wishing to disparage boxing so far as to put them on an equal footing, or to insinuate that so poor, mean, and wretched an amusement as the one, was at all too vie in importance with the other, which is connected with ideas of personal merit, and individual dignity.’

As to the popular argument derived from supposed cruelty, he scouted it as at once derogatory to the bull, the dogs, and the spectators.

‘He believed that the bull felt a satisfaction in the contest, not less so than the hound did when he heard the sound of the horn which summoned him to the chase. . . . If the bull felt no pleasure, and was cruelly dealt with, surely the dogs had also some claim to compassion; but the fact was, that both seemed equally anxious in the conflict; and the bull, like every other animal, while it had the better side, did not appear to feel unpleasantly; it

would be ridiculous to say he felt no pain; yet when on such occasions he exhibited no sign of terror, it was a demonstrable proof that he felt some pleasure.’

We have left ourselves but little space for extracts from that which is in truth the most characteristic part of the Diary, namely, its painful self-anatomy. Incidentally, indeed, the passages which we have already given will convey a pretty accurate idea of what remains; but our purpose would scarcely be achieved without adverting somewhat more closely to this subject, brought as it is already into unavoidable prominence. At the same time, it is obvious that it would be a mistake to suppose that those gloomy pages contain a real reflection of the images which were passing in Mr. Windham's mind. His ebullitions of hypochondria can hardly be called spontaneous. He evidently made it his task, whenever he took up his Diary, to place on record, as far as he could, the sensations experienced since his last entry. As we have said, he entertained the very mistaken notion that this kind of medical record would be serviceable, instead of, as it must have been, disadvantageous. Probably, therefore, he yielded to the natural tendency to exaggerate the symptoms which he felt thus compelled to analyze. Some extracts — they are a very scanty selection — may serve to illustrate this aspect of his strangely compounded character. We give them promiscuously, that is, in mere chronological order; including some, particularly among the earliest, which are chiefly curious as showing the miscellaneous nature of the subjects on which he employed his mind, and the constant self-reproach which his vacillations between one subject and another occasioned him:—

‘February 16th, 1784. — During the hour or two that I was in my own room while they were in Duke Street, went on with the sacred history, and read the twenty-second chapter of Numbers in the Greek containing the story of Balaam. Afterwards sat down to the continuation of the account in “Adversaria:” “Mirari aliquando subit,” &c.; but could not satisfy myself about a sentence I was attempting; at last went off into a reverie about an air-balloon.

‘17th. — Did not get up till ten minutes past ten. The first effect of what is here stated is, that I have two hours less in the day, at least that my day begins two hours later. Are there not also other losses? Are not the two hours which I should so gain, better than any other? Would not every other hour be improved by additional health and spirits? And might not the advantage gained in the application of my

time be more than in proportion to the time added? . . . Dined at the Club; conversations about balloons, at which Sir Joseph Banks chose to take offence, and exposed himself most completely. Went with Burke for a short time to Brookes's.' (P. 6.)

'April 6th, 1785. — This habit of indecision, if some means are not found to stop its progress and abate its malignity, will corrupt and eat away my understanding to the very core; it wastes my time, consumes my strength, converts comfort into vexation and distress, deprives me of various pleasures, and involves me in innumerable difficulties. Some canon must be framed for proceeding in these cases. Let the first resolution be, that from the moment the question is instituted, and the trial commenced, no interruption should be permitted, nor any adjournment take place. The cause should be concluded before the jury go out of court. . . . An adherence to these rules will, I have no doubt, go a great way towards a cure.

'The fact on which the above speculation arose was that, till eleven o'clock, I could do nothing, from not having been able to settle in what manner I should dispose of the day; and in consequence, seven of the best hours of the day, viz. from seven till two, without more having been done than the writing of the present article, and thinking loosely on some parts of my work. Half-past three, went to dinner at Kent's; not unpleasant. Quarter-past five, rode, going over wild ground about Wimbledon Common; not unpleasant, but not so pleasant as it might have been.' (Pp. 48, 49.)

'September 20th, 1786. — Came from Aylsham, where I had slept. Day uncommonly fine, and spirits uncommonly good. I had a song in my head, which I had heard at the dinner of the day before, descriptive of a fox-chase at some place near Anglesea, as I conceived, and which carried my thoughts into that part of the world, attended with a feel of enjoyment which I seldom know. As these moments of happiness depend often on causes subject to our own direction, it is worth while to inquire what they are, and take such means as may bring them into action. On my arrival at home, I did what was most proper, and sat down to Thuanus, but was interrupted before long, and not unpleasantly, by Lady Buckinghamshire, driving through the park, with whom I rode to Cromer, and continued to attend till half-past three. Well employed till sleep obliged me to go to bed. It occurs to me upon this occasion, that that foolish feel or notion, by which one part of a day used to be sacrificed to another, and all power lost of terminating a neglect once begun, has for a long time ceased to operate. I don't recollect that for many times back of my being at Felbrigg, I have ever loitered away a whole evening as I used to do at Hanworth or the Parsonage.' (Pp. 88, 89.)

'June 15th, 1787. — I had felt myself particularly strong and clear, but lost some of the advantage by a foolish contest with myself, whether a wish of exercising my horse before din-

ner, sooner than it should lose a day, should be indulged or not. The disturbance given myself in arguing the question became a reason for deciding it in the affirmative. We drank tea out of doors. When they went away — the party from the Parsonage — which was about nine or past, I came into my room, and continued in my chair, thinking with great intentness on the question, in page 261, K. U. till past eleven, when the effect of thought, so long and so earnestly continued, brought me into a state different, as it appeared to me, from what I have frequently experienced from the same cause — such as seemed to me a natural precursor of that which, sometime or other, will be my end — a paralytic stroke.

'16th. — From whatever causes it happened — whether from continuing too long in bed, or from the same as occasioned what is stated above — I felt all this day low in spirits and feeble in mind. I was so drowsy as to be obliged to betake myself to the couch, where I continued fast asleep till I was waked by Mrs. Lukin coming under the window in the phaeton.' (Pp. 117, 118.)

'February 22nd, 1789. — Called, I remember, on Lady Howe, and meeting Fitzpatrick near Hay Hill, went back with him to Burlington House to see Fox. Lost time in deliberating whether I should dine at Lord Spencer's or not; determined at last for dining and found in the event, that I had determined very rightly. It was just six when I went there. From the time of my going to that of my returning was just three hours. What was I likely to have done in those three hours had I remained at home? At dinner were Sloper, George Conway, Bingham, Charles Greville, Mrs. Howe, old Lord George, and Marchant.' (P. 164.)

'April 30th, 1791. — Whether it is want of habit, want of exertion, or want of power, I do not find in myself a capacity of exercising well, at the same time, both memory and judgment, or of collecting and digesting, on a sudden, a multitude of small particulars. The suspicion that this deficiency may have some connexion with the change lately suspected in myself and serve as a new proof of its existence (a proof, I fear, not necessary), has contributed very much to depress my spirits.' (P. 225.)

'July, 1791. — I fear a dreadful change in my mind in all ways; the prospect is very dreadful, considering all circumstances, and begins already to affect my spirits, though not to any great degree.

'Let us pass from this to the manner of late in which I have managed my time and to the state of my mind in other respects. I have certainly for a long while, perhaps for a twelve-month, remitted greatly that exertion and vigilance which I used to employ in the government of my own thoughts. I have lost likewise much of my ardour for study, and, since Christmas at least, of my diligence in the prosecution of it. The relaxation in the government of my thoughts is the more inexcusable, as the exertion of the power would have

been more easy, and the effect more complete; though it is perhaps from this very cause, that so little exertion has been made. While my mind was in that strange state, that nothing but continued endeavours would preserve any thought at all, something was necessarily done, and the necessity of that something, like the defects of northern climates in the production of the finer fruits, led to exertions that did more than supply the deficiency to which they were called. When without any exertion at all, I could be in a state of tolerable comfort, I acquiesced in what I had, and not being below mediocrity, never rose above it. But little pains has been taken to strengthen my memory, by the recitation of passages formerly known or purposely committed to it; no pains hardly taken to confine my thoughts to any prescribed course, or to restrain them from idle and unprofitable subjects; no exertions made on subjects of an opposite character. . . . I am not what the same habits I now possess would have made me a little while ago. Let us endeavour to find other causes for this besides that most unwelcome one of a commencing decline in my own faculties.' (P. 231.)

'September 7th, 1792. — Rode out in the morning with Sir W. and Mrs. Lukin. I was so exhausted, that I was fain to lie down and sleep, and was unable to do that without many of those convulsive shocks with which I have for some time past, and particularly I think during this summer, been so much annoyed, and which I fear are the forerunners of a paralytic stroke. A night now not very often passes without my experiencing some of these seizures, in a way to make me apprehend that the event is actually taking place.' (P. 259.)

'September 10th, 1793. — The Townshends dined at Cossey. Both mornings were pretty well employed in writing letters. I felt for the greater part of the time a considerable tendency of former *feet*; proceeding in part perhaps from indisposition, but more probably from the effect of a state, which has always been most injurious, and to which it has always been my misfortune or my fault very much to expose myself, *that of being in company in which I was not amused*. The fatal hours spent in that way during one period of my life, were the cause I believe, of a great part of the mental maladies under which I have always laboured, as were the hours to which I was condemned by Norbury, in his pupil-room, at a still earlier period.' (P. 290.)

The intellectual Sybarite, whose slumbers are disturbed by a crumpled rose leaf, certainly shows himself in this expression of fear lest his health should break down under the infliction of 'company with which he was not amused.' Did he expect the world at large to be only an expansion of 'The Club'?

'October 10th. — I dined at the Bishop's. A

party of, I suppose, fifty, chiefly clergy. I felt the same enjoyment that I frequently do at large dinners; they afford, in general, what never fails to be pleasant, solitude in a crowd. My satisfaction, however, was much clouded by finding that I had acquiesced in calling in my own mind "Randall" — "Marshall." It is in vain, I fear, to entertain a doubt, that the event which excited so much horror when I first suspected it two years ago has really taken place, and that memory gives signs of decay.'

'October 25th. — . . . What have I been about? It is certain that I have known, since I have been down here this time, feels of ill health not experienced or observed before, and which are perhaps of the most alarming kind, as arguing a general decay, and decay in that quarter which seems conclusive of all the rest, I mean of the powers of digestion and appetite. . . . It is certain that latterly I have fallen into a great neglect and oblivion of all that I have had to do, either of study or business.'

And here we conclude this disagreeable series of extracts somewhat abruptly, for, to say the truth, the subject itself somewhat abruptly breaks off. In 1793 (the date of the latest of them), Windham was in the forty-seventh year of his age. He had thirteen years more to live, in the full exercise of his admirable powers. And henceforward, with the exception of an occasional peevish self-reproach about vacillation of purpose, he nearly ceases to anatomise himself: the 'feel' seems almost entirely to have left him: we hear no more of incipient paralysis, or obliviousness, or decay. What turned the poor hypochondriac into a healthy and self-reliant man? Certainly not medical aid, nor self-examination, nor careful poisoning of improvements and backslidings, nor caressing of the inner consciousness. Mere natural causes may have done something; marriage (in 1798) perhaps more. But we are inclined to attribute much greater effect in curing him to the French Revolution, and the French war. The first drove his thoughts per force into violent and engrossing action, apart from himself. The second supplied him with congenial subjects for oratorical display, and abundant occupation (in office) for the natural turn of his mind, inherited from his father, towards military organisation and its kindred topics. Had he been forced from an early age to toil for bread or success — had he worked at a profession, or shouldered a musket — his cure would probably have come earlier; but it could hardly have been more complete.

And it is in this point of view that we consider society not a little indebted to the lady who has edited this volume, for giving

it so unreservedly to the public. Not for the sake of that pathology of nervous weaknesses which it illustrates so curiously. Of these everyone, who knows life, has probably seen too much already. Similar, if not quite as peculiar, cases abound in everyone's experience. But the real lesson of the book is this: that such besetting affections really are, in many cases, mere phantoms; that they will gradually disappear—not in obedience to efforts, not as a reward for patience, nor as conquered by medical skill, but of themselves; wearing themselves out, imperceptibly, even as an ordinary complaint wears itself out, under the influence of physical change in the system and occupation of the mind. We know full well how many a Windham, in respect of internal organization, there is among us; some who may probably read these pages; let them meditate on the fact that their hero lived neither to become insane, nor paralytic, nor lethargic, as his perverted imagination had so often suggested to him, but to strain his fine faculties to the utmost for several busy years, to conduct the administration of the British army down to the dawning of its era of triumph; that this career was only cut short by an accident, bravely met and bravely endured; and not without an opportunity for resuming those serious views of life with which his early familiarity with Johnson had imbued him, though kept in abeyance through many a season partly engrossed with business, and partly devoted to self-anatomy.

This Diary will of course, be in the hands of those who busy themselves with the political history of the era to which it relates; and they will find it of value for purposes of reference, especially the latter portion, relating to the Grenville and Portland Ministries. But these do not constitute the most interesting part of the work, compiled, as we have seen, as a private, and not a political, record. We will not therefore enter into this field, except by referring to a remarkable series of letters on the quarrel between Lord Fitzwilliam and Pitt's Cabinet, written by Burke to Windham almost from his death-bed (in October, 1794), containing the imaginative statesman's last utterances of despair:—

'I wrote, last night, a *threnodia* to the Chancellor; but I did not enter into any particular whatever: it would have been quite useless. He is a very able, good-humoured, friendly man; and for himself, truly, no great jobber, but where a job of patronage occurs, "*quantum ipsa in morte tenetur*." For in the arti-

cle of death he would cry, "Bring me the job." Good God; to think of jobs in such a moment as this! Why, it is not vice any longer: it is corruption run mad. Thank you for the account of the few saved at Bois le Duc—Pichegru has more humanity than we have. Why are any of these people put into garrison places? It is premeditated and treacherous murder. If an emigrant governor was, indeed, appointed, a better thing could not be done. Then we should hear of a defence: it would, indeed, be a novelty; and one would think, for that reason, would be recommended. But cowardice and treachery seem qualifications; and punishment is amongst the *artes perditæ* in the old governments. I am very miserable—tossed by public upon private grief, and by private upon public. Oh! have pity on yourselves! and may the God whose counsels are so mysterious in the moral world (even more than in the natural), guide you through all these labyrinths. Do not despair! if you do work in despair. Feel as little and think as much as you can: correct your natural constitutions, but don't attempt to force them.

'Adieu, adieu!

'Yours ever,

'EDMUND BURKE.' (P. 332.)

To this we will add, in conclusion, some extracts from a paper which reads curiously enough by the light of recent occurrences, drawn up by General Dumouriez, who was brought in contact with Windham, as Secretary of State for War and the Colonies in 1806, propounding a scheme for founding an empire in Mexico in order to check the progress of the United States.

'Le projet d'arracher le Mexique à la monarchie Espagnole ne doit point être envisagé comme une conception dévastatrice et de haine contre cette monarchie. C'est un acte de prévoyance digne du gouvernement d'une nation profonde et réfléchie. Les progrès de la population et de la culture de la Louisiane, depuis son union avec les Etats-Unis, annoncent l'invasion prochaine du Mexique, dès que les nouveaux établissements qui s'étendent déjà à la droite du Mississippi dans les riches plaines des Cenis se répandront jusqu'au Rio del Norte. Alors, les frontières du nouveau Mexique seront bientôt franchies par les aventuriers américains, à moins que le Mexique n'ait un souverain résidant sur les lieux, qui puisse rassembler sur les mêmes frontières des forces indigènes bien conduites. Toutes les nations de l'Europe seront alors intéressées à borner les conquêtes des Américains dans le Golfe du Mexique, l'Angleterre surtout. La révolution du Mexique est inévitable un jour: il est donc très-important d'empêcher qu'elle ne devienne américaine, ou démocratique, de la prévenir et de la préparer à l'avantage de l'Angleterre, pendant qu'elle est en guerre avec l'Espagne subjuguée par la France.

'L'avantage d'une pareille révolution est incalculable, son exécution est très-facile, sa dépense n'est qu'une mise en dehors, un prêt à la nouvelle dynastie, dont on sera bientôt remboursé; son succès est infaillible. C'est ce que je m'offre de démontrer, si le projet est adopté par le Gouvernement. Manille, Cuba et Porto-Rico suivront le sort du continent, ou auront une autre destination dictée par les circonstances.'

'Faire un roi du Mexique: par cette opération acquérir un allié puissant qui, par la suite, contienne les Etats-Unis, vous aide à chasser des Antilles les Français et les Hollandais, vous assure un débouché pour vos manufactures, et vous dédommage au centuple des gênes qu'elles éprouvent en Europe. Par cette expédition, aussi solide que brillante, aussi facile que lucrative, vous acquerez, sans tirer un coup de fusil, la domination du Golfe du Mexique, par la possession de la Havane, celle de la Mer du Sud par celle de Manille, que le nouveau roi du Mexique vous cédera pour le prix de son exaltation; vous ne pouvez les acquérir que par ce moyen, en profitant des circonstances, qui ne se représenteront jamais et qui tourneront contre vous, si vous les laissez échapper. Le commerce des deux mers sera dans vos mains, les richesses métalliques de l'Amérique espagnole arriveront en

Angleterre, vous en priveriez l'Espagne et Buonaparte, et cette révolution numéraire changera la face politique de l'Europe.' (Pp. 507-15.)

The writer then proceeds to enlarge on the feasibility of his project, and the advantages which would accrue to England from placing the Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe) in the position since conferred by France on the Archduke Maximilian.

The whole of this paper deserves careful consideration at the present time, when a formal attempt has been made by one of the greatest Powers in Europe to place a European Prince upon the throne of New Spain. The proposal was certainly entertained by Mr. Windham and referred by him to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who wrote upon it the masterly papers contained in the sixth volume of the Wellington Supplementary Despatches, p. 35, one of the earliest specimens of the Duke's political and strategical powers. At p. 50 of the Memorandum in question, the Duke refers in distinct terms to Dumouriez's scheme, which must therefore have been laid before him.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two Sisters are there — ever year by year
Companions true and dear
To meek and thoughtful hearts. Fair Hope is
one,
With voice of merry tone,
With footstep light, and eye of sparkling glance.
The other is perchance
E'en somewhat lovelier, but less full of glee.
Her name is Memory.
She wanders near me, chanting plaintive lays
Of bygone scenes and days:
And when I turn, and meet her thoughtful eye,
She tells me mournfully
Of soft low gurgling brooks, and glistening
flowers,
And childhood's sunny hours:
And then with tears and melancholy tone
She tells me they are gone.

Hope gently chides her — bids me not to cast

My eyes upon the past —
Cheering me thus, she leads me by the hand
To view her own fair land:

And soon I see where many pleasures meet,
Some close before my feet;
And some, seen dimly through the distant haze,
Grow brighter as I gaze.

Oh! both refresh me. — Yet not only so:

They teach — where'er I go.
One tells of follies past, and one is given
To talk to me of Heaven.
And thus I'll cling to both. Soft Memory,
All pensive though she be,
Shall bide a comrade cherished to the end:
But Hope shall be my friend.

J. S. HOWSON.

— Good Words.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XXII.

THERE followed after this a time of such tranquillity as had never yet entered into Mrs. Ochterlony's life. Mary had known joy, and she had known sorrow, as people do to whom life comes with full hands, giving and taking; but it had always been life, busy and personal, which left her little leisure for anything beyond the quickly recurring duties of the hour and day. She had had no time to watch the current how it flowed, being as it were part of it, and going along with it in its ceaseless course. But now all this was changed. After Winnie's marriage a sudden tranquillity fell upon the ladies in the cottage. Life had gone on and left them; they were no longer going with the tide, but standing by upon the bank watching it. They were not unhappy, nor was their existence sad,—for the three boys were world enough to satisfy the two women and keep them occupied and cheerful; and when the children were asleep, Aunt Agatha and her niece were, as people say, company for each other, and talked over their work as they sat by the evening lamp, or in the twilight garden, which was always so green and so sweet,—and were content, or more than content; but still sometimes Mrs. Ochterlony would bethink herself, and it would seem as a dream to her that she, too, had once taken her part with the others and gone with the stream, and suffered cruel sufferings and tasted sudden joys, and been Hugh Ochterlony's wife. Was it so? Or had she never been but with Aunt Agatha by the little river that ran steadily one day like another under the self-same trees? This strange sense of unreality in the past turned her giddy by times, and made her head swim and the world to go round and round; but, to be sure, she never spoke of these sensations, and life continued, and the boys grew, and everything went very well on Kirtell-side.

Everything went so well that Aunt Agatha many a day pitied the poor people who were out in the world, or the young men who set out from the parish to begin their career, and would say, "Oh, if they but knew how much better everybody is at home!" Mary was younger, and perhaps she was not quite of the same mind; but still it was peace that had fallen upon her and was wrapping her all round like a garment. There was the same quiet routine every day; the same things to do, the same places to walk to, the same faces to see. Nothing unforeseen ever arrived to break the calm. When

Hugh was old enough to begin serious lessons, a curate turned up in the course of nature who took pupils, and to whom Islay, too, went by-and-by, and even little Wilfrid, who was always delicate. The boys went to him with shining morning faces, and came back growing louder and stronger, and, as Peggy said, more "stirring" every day. And Sir Edward made his almost daily visit, and let a thin and gentle echo of the out-of-door din into the cottage quiet. He told them in his mild way what was going on, and talked about the news in the papers, and about the books reviewed, and about the occasional heavenly visitant in the shape of a new publication that found its way to Kirtell-side. There were few magazines then, and no cheap ones, and a single *Blackwood* did for a good many families. Sir Edward himself, who had been always considered intellectual, took in the *Edinburgh* all for himself, and lent it to his neighbours; but then it could not be expected that many people in a district could be so magnificent as that. When the Curate, on the other hand, came to tea (he was not the sort of man, as Aunt Agatha said, that one would think of making a dinner for), it was all about the parish that he talked; and as Mrs. Ochterlony was a perverse woman in her way, and had her own ideas about her poor neighbours, such conversation was not so interesting to her as it might have been. But it was in this sort of way that she spent the next ten or twelve years of her life.

As for Winnie, she was having her day, as she had said, and was, it is to be supposed, enjoying it. She wrote letters regularly and diligently, which is one point in which a woman, however little elevated she may be above her masculine companion in other respects, always has the better of him. And she possessed a true feminine gift which ought also to be put in the compensating scale against those female drawbacks which are so often insisted upon. Sometimes she was ill-tempered, sometimes bitter in her letters, for the honeymoon happiness naturally did not last for ever; but, whatever mood Winnie might be in, she always threw an unconscious halo of interest around herself when she wrote. It was, as everybody might see, an instinctive and unpremeditated act, but it was successful to the highest extent. Whether she described her triumphs or her disappointments, her husband's kindness or his carelessness, their extravagant living or their want of money, Winnie herself, in the foreground of the picture, was always charmingly, and some-

times touchingly, posed. A word or two did it, and it was done to perfection; and the course of her history thus traced was followed by Aunt Agatha with an unflinching enthusiasm. She herself went through it all in the person of her favourite, and Mary connected herself with a vague but still fairer future in the persons of her boys. And thus the peaceful existence went on day by day, with nothing more serious to trouble it than a transitory childish ailment, or a passing rumour that the Percivals were "going too fast," or did not "get on,"—clouds which only floated mistily and momentarily about the horizon, and never came down to trouble the quiet waters. It was a time which left no record, and which by-times felt languid and lingering to the younger woman, who was still too young to be altogether satisfied with so dead a calm in the middle of her existence; but still, perhaps, it was, on the whole, the happiest time of Mary's life.

This halcyon time lasted until the boys were so far grown up as to bring the disturbing plans and speculations of their beginning life into the household calm. It lasted until Islay was sixteen and ready to pass his examination for Woolwich, the long-headed boy having fixed his affections upon scientific soldiery in a way which was slightly disappointing to his mother, who, as was natural, had thought him capable of a more learned profession. It roused the cottage into something like a new stage of existence to think of and to prepare for the entry of its nursing into that great vague unseen sphere which Aunt Agatha called the world. But, after all, it was not Islay who was the troublesome member of the family. He had fixed his thoughts upon his chosen profession almost as soon as he knew what was meant by his father's sword, which had hung in Mrs. Ochterlony's room from his earliest recollection; and though there might be a little anxiety about how he would succeed at his examination, and how he would get on when he left home, still Islay was so steady that no one felt any alarm or absolute disquiet about him.

But it was rather different with Hugh. Hugh was supposed to be his uncle's heir, and received as such wherever he went, with perhaps more enthusiasm than might have fallen to his share merely as Mary's son. He was heir presumptive, recognised to a certain extent at Earlstown itself as elsewhere in that capacity; and yet Mr. Ochterlony had not, so far as anybody was aware, made any distinct decision, and might still alter his mind, and, indeed, was

not too old to marry and have heirs of his own, which was a view of the subject chiefly taken by Aunt Agatha. And, to aggravate the position, Hugh was far from being a boy of fixed resolutions, like his brother. He was one of the troublesome people, who have no very particular bias. He liked everything that was pleasant. He was not idle, nor had he any evil tendencies; he was fond of literature in a way, and at the same time fond of shooting and hunting, and all the occupations and amusements of a country life. Public opinion in the countryside proclaimed him one of the nicest young fellows going; and if he had been Francis Ochterlony's son, and indisputably the heir of Earlstown, Hugh would have been as satisfactory a specimen of a budding country gentleman as could have been found. But the crook in his lot was, that he was the heir presumptive, and at the same time was generous and proud and high-spirited, and not the kind of nature which could lie in wait for another man's place, or build his fortunes upon another man's generosity. His own opinion, no doubt, was that he had a right to Earlstown; but he was far too great a Quixote, too high-fantastical in youthful pride and independence, to permit any one to say that it was his uncle's duty to provide for him. And withal, he did not himself know what manner of life to take up, or what to do. He would have made a good soldier, or a good farmer, different though the two things are; and would have filled, as well as most people, almost any other practical position which Providence or circumstances had set clearly before him. But no intuitive perception of what he was most fit for was in him to enlighten his way, and at the same time he began to be highly impatient, being eighteen, and a man as he thought, of waiting and doing nothing, and living at home.

"If we could but have sent him to Oxford," Aunt Agatha said; "if I had the means!"—but it is very doubtful whether she ever could have had the means; and of late Aunt Agatha too had been disturbed in her quiet. Her letters to Winnie had begun to convey enclosures of which she did not speak much, even to Mrs. Ochterlony, but which were dead against any such possibility for Hugh.

"If I had been brought up at school where I might have got a scholarship, or something," said Hugh; "but I don't know why I should want to go to Oxford. We must send Will if we can, mother; he has the brains for it. Oxford is too grand an idea for me!"—

"Not if you are to have Earliston, Hugh," said his mother.

"I wish Earliston was at the bottom of the sea," cried the poor boy; "but for Earliston, one would have known what one was good for. I wish my uncle would make up his mind and found a hospital with it, or marry, as Aunt Agatha says."

"He will never marry," said Mary; "he was a great deal older than your father; he is quite an old man."

"Indeed, Mary, he is not old at all, for a man," said Aunt Agatha, with eagerness. "Ladies are so different. He might get a very nice wife yet, and children, for anything any one could tell. Not too young, you know—I think it would be a great pity if he were to marry anybody too young; but a nice person of perhaps forty or so," said Aunt Agatha; and she rounded off her sentence with a soft little sigh.

"He will never marry, I am sure," said Mary, almost with indignation; for, not to speak of the injustice to Hugh, it sounded like an imputation upon her brother-in-law, who was sober-minded, and not thinking of anything so foolish; not to say that his heart was with his marble Venus, and he was indifferent to any other love.

"Well, if you think so, my dear"—said Miss Seton; and a faint colour rose upon her soft old cheek. She thought Mary's meaning was, that after his behaviour to herself, which was not exactly what people expected, he was not likely to entertain another affection; which was probably as true as any other theory of Mr. Ochterlony's conduct. Aunt Agatha thought this was Mary's meaning, and it pleased her. It was an old story, but still she remembered it so well, that it was pleasant to think he had not forgotten. But this, to be sure, had very little to do with Hugh.

"I wish he would marry," said his heir presumptive, "or put one out of pain one way or another. Things can't go on for ever like this. Islay is only sixteen, and he is starting already; and here am I eighteen past and good for nothing. You would not like me to be a useless wretch all my life?" said Hugh, severely, turning round upon his mother, who was not prepared for such an address; but Hugh, of all the boys, was the one most like his father, and had the Major's "way."

"No," cried Mary, a little alarmed, "anything but that. I still think you might wait a little, and see what your uncle means. You are not so very old. Well, my dear boy! don't be impatient; tell me what you wish to do."

But this was exactly what Hugh could not tell. "If there had been no Earliston in the question, one would have known," he said. "It is very hard upon a fellow to be another man's nephew. I think the best thing I could do would be to ignore Earliston altogether, and go in for—anything I could make my own living by. There's Islay has had the first chance"—

"My dear, one is surely enough in a family to be a soldier," said Aunt Agatha, "if you would consider your poor mamma's feelings and mine; but I never thought, for my part, that *that* was the thing for Islay, with his long head. He had always such a very peculiar head. When he was a child, you know, Mary, we never could get a child's hat to fit him. Now, I think, if Hugh had gone into a very nice regiment, and Islay had studied for something"—

"Do you think he will have no study to do going in for the Engineers?" said Hugh, indignantly. "I am not envious of Islay. I know he is the best fellow among us; but, at the same time—The thing for me would be to go to Australia or New Zealand, where one does not need to be good for anything in particular. That is my case," said the disconsolate youth; and out of the depths, if not of his soul, at least of his capacious chest, there came a profound, almost despairing sigh.

"Oh, Hugh, my darling boy! you cannot mean to break all our hearts," cried Aunt Agatha.

It was just what poor Hugh meant to do, for the moment, at least; and he sat with his head down and despair in his face, with a look which went to Mary's heart, and brought the tears to her eyes, but a smile to her lips. He was so like his father; and Mrs. Ochterlony knew that he would not, in this way at least, break her heart.

"Would you like to go to Uncle Penrose?" she said; to which Hugh replied with a vehement shake of his head. "Would you like to go into Mr. Allonby's office? You know he spoke of wanting an articulated pupil. Would you think of that proposal Mr. Mortare, the architect, made us?—don't shake your head off, Hugh; or ask Sir Edward to let you help old Sanders—or—or—Would you *really* like to be a soldier, like your brother?" said Mary, at her wits' end; for after this, with their limited opportunities, there seemed no further suggestions to make.

"I must do something, mother," said Hugh, and he rose up with another sigh; "but I don't want to vex you," he added coming up and putting his arms around her

with that admiring fondness which is perhaps sweeter to a woman from her son than even from her lover; and then, his mind being relieved, he had no objection to change the conversation. "I promised to look at the young colts, and tell Sir Edward what I thought of them," he suddenly said looking up at Mary with a cloudy, doubtful look — afraid of being laughed at, and yet himself ready to laugh — such as is not unusual upon a boy's face. Mrs. Ochterlony did not feel in the least inclined for laughter, though she smiled upon her boy; and when he went away, a look of anxiety came to her face, though it was not anything like the tragical anxiety which contracted Aunt Agatha's gentle countenance. She took up her work again, which was more than Miss Seton could do. The boys were no longer children, and life was coming back to her with their growing years. Life, which is not peace, but more like a sword.

"My dear love, something must be done," said, Aunt Agatha. "Australia or New Zealand, and for a boy of his expectations! Mary, something must be done."

"Yes," said Mary, "I must go and consult my brother-in-law about it, and see what he thinks best. But as for New Zealand or Australia, Aunt Agatha —"

"Do you think it will be *nice*, Mary?" said Miss Seton, with a soft blush like a girl's. "It will be like asking him, you know, what he means; it will be like saying he ought to provide" —

"He said Hugh was to be his heir," said Mary, "and I believe he meant what he said; at all events, it would be wrong to do anything without consulting him, for he has always been very kind."

These words threw Aunt Agatha into a flutter which she could not conceal. "It may be very well to consult him," she said; "but rather than let him think we are asking his help — And then, how can you see him, Mary? I am afraid it would be — awkward, to say the least to ask him here" —

"I will go to Earlston to-morrow," said Mary. "I made up my mind while Hugh was talking. After Islay has gone, it will be worse for Hugh. Will is so much younger, poor boy."

"Will," said Aunt Agatha, sighing. "Oh, Mary, if they had only been girls! we could have brought them up without any assistance, and no bother about professions or things. When you have settled Hugh and Islay, there will be Will to open it up again; and they will all leave us, after all. Oh, Mary, my dear love, if they had but been girls!"

"Yes, but they are not girls," said Mrs.

Ochterlony, with a half smile; and then she too sighed. She was glad her boys were boys, and had more confidence in them, and Providence and life than Aunt Agatha had. But she was not glad to think that her boys must leave her, and that she had no daughter to share her household life. The cloud which sat on Aunt Agatha's careful brow came over her, too, for the moment, and dimmed her eyes, and made her heart ache. "They came into the world for God's uses and not for ours," she said, recovering herself, "and though they are boys, we must not keep them unhappy. I will go over to Earlston to-morrow by the early train."

"If you think it right," said Miss Seton; but it was not cordially spoken. Aunt Agatha was very proud and sensitive in her way. She was the kind of woman to get into misunderstandings, and shun explanations, as much as if she had been a woman in a novel. She was as ready to take up a mistaken idea, and as determined not to see her mistake, as if she had been a heroine, forced thereto by the exigencies of three volumes. Miss Seton had never come to the third volume herself; she thought it more dignified for her own part to remain in the complications and perplexities of the second; and it struck her that it was indelicate of Mary thus to open the subject, and lead Francis Ochterlony on, as it were, to declare his mind.

The question was quite a different one so far as Mary was concerned, to whom Francis Ochterlony had never stood in the position of a lover, nor was the subject of any delicate difficulties. With her it was a straightforward piece of business enough to consult her brother-in-law, who was the natural guardian of her sons, and who had always been well disposed towards them, especially while they kept at a safe distance. Islay was the only one who had done any practical harm at Earlston, and Mr. Ochterlony had forgiven and, it is to be hoped, forgotten the downfall of the roccoco chair. If she had had nothing more important to trouble her than a consultation so innocent! Though, to tell the truth, Mary did not feel that she had a great deal to trouble her, even with the uncertainty of Hugh's future upon her hands. Even if Mr. Ochterlony were to contemplate anything so absurd as marriage or the founding of a hospital, Hugh could still make his own way in the world, as his brothers would have to do, and as his father had done before him. And Mrs. Ochterlony was not even overwhelmed by consideration of the very different characters of the boys, nor of the immense respon-

sibility, nor of any of the awful thoughts with which widow-mothers are supposed to be overwhelmed. They were all well. God bless them; all honest and true, healthful and affectionate. Hugh had his crotchets and fidgety ways, but so had his father, and perhaps Mary loved her boy the better for them; and Wilfred was a strange boy, but then he had always been strange, and it came natural to him. No doubt there might be undeveloped depths in both, of which their mother as yet knew nothing; but in the meantime Mary, like other mothers, took things as she saw them, and was proud of her sons, and had no disturbing fears. As for Islay, he was as steady as a rock, and almost as strong, and did the heart good to behold, and even the weakest woman might have taken heart to trust him, whatever might be the temptations and terrors of "the world." Mary had that composure which belongs to the better side of experience, as much as suspicion and distrust belong to its darker side. The world did not alarm her as it did Aunt Agatha; neither did Mr. Ochterlony alarm her, whose sentiments ought at least to be known by this time, and whose counsel she sought with no artful intention of drawing him out, but with an honest desire to have the matter settled one way or another. This was how the interval of calm passed away, and the new generation brought back a new and fuller life.

It was not all pleasure with which Mary rose next morning to go upon her mission to Earleton; but it was with a feeling of resurrection, a sense that she lay no longer ashore, but that the tide was once more creeping about her stranded boat, and the wind wooing the idle sail. There might be storms awaiting her upon the sea; storm and shipwreck and loss of all things lay in the future: possible for her boys as for others, certain for some; but that pricking, tingling thrill of danger and pain gave a certain vitality to the stir of life renewed. Peace is sweet, and there are times when the soul sighs for it; but life is sweeter. And this is how Mary, in her mother's anxiety, — with all the possibilities of fate to affright her, if they could, yet not without a novel sense of exhilaration, her heart beating more strongly, her pulse fuller, her eye brighter, — went forth to open the door for her boy into his own personal and individual career.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a cheerful summer morning when

Mary set out on her visit to her brother-in-law. She had said nothing to her boys about it, for Hugh was fantastical, like Aunt Agatha, and would have denounced her intention as an expedient to make his uncle provide for him. Hugh had gone out to attend to some of the many little businesses he had in his hand for Sir Edward; and Islay was working in his own room preparing for the "coach," to whom he was going in a few days; and Wilfrid, or Will, as everybody called him, was with his curate-tutor. The cottage held its placid place upon the high bank of Kirtell, shining through its trees in a purple cloud of roses, and listening in the sun to that everlasting quiet voice that sung in its ear, summer and winter, the little river's changeful yet changeless song. It looked like a place to which no changes could ever come; calm people in the stillness of age, souls at rest, little children, were the kind of people to live in it; and the stir and quickening of pleasurable pain which Mary felt in her own veins, — the sense of new life and movement about her, — felt out of place with the quiet house. Aunt Agatha was out of sight ordering her household affairs, and the drawing-room was silent and deserted as a fairy palace, full of a thousand signs of habitation, but without a single tenant audible or visible, except the roses that clambered about the open windows, and the bee that went in and made a confused investigation, and came out again none the wiser. An odd sense of the contrast struck Mrs. Ochterlony; but a little while before, her soul had been in unison with the calm of the place, and she had thought nothing of it; now she had woken up out of that fair chamber turned to the sunrising, the name of which is Peace, and had stepped back into life, and felt the tingle and thrill of resurrection. And an unconscious smile came on her face as she looked back. To think that out of that silence and sunshine should pour out such a tide of new strength and vigour — and that henceforth hearts should leap with eagerness and wistfulness under that roof, and perhaps grow wild with joy, or perhaps, God knows, break with anguish, as news came good or evil! She had been but half alive so long, that the sense of living was sweet.

It was a moment to call forth many thoughts and recollections; but the fact was that she did not have time to entertain them. There happened to her one of those curious coincidences which occur so often, and which it is so difficult to account for. Long before she reached the little station, a tall figure

broke the long vacant line of the dusty country road, a figure which Mary felt at once to be that of a stranger, and yet which she seemed to recognize. She could not believe her eyes, nor think it was anything but the association of ideas which misled her, and laughed at her own fantastic imagination as she went on. But nevertheless it is true that it was her brother-in-law himself who met her, long before she reached the railway by which she had meant to go to him. Her appearance struck him too, it was evident, with a little surprise; but yet she was at home, and might have been going anywhere; whereas the strange fact of his coming required a more elaborate explanation than he had it in his power to give.

"I do not know exactly what put it into my head," said Mr. Ochterlony, "perhaps some old work of mine which turned up the other day, and which I was doing when you were with me. I thought I would come over and have a talk with you about your boy."

"It is very strange," said Mary, "for this very morning I had made up my mind to come you, to consult you. It must be some kind of magnetism, I suppose."

"Indeed I can't say; I have never studied the natural sciences," said Mr. Ochterlony with gravity. "I have had a very distinguished visitor lately: a man whose powers are as much above the common mind as his information is — Dr. Franklin, whose name of course you have heard — a man of European reputation."

"Yes?" said Mary, doubtfully, feeling very guilty and ignorant, for to tell the truth she had never heard of Dr. Franklin; but her brother-in-law perceived her ignorance, and explained in a kind of compassionate way.

"He is about the greatest numismatist we have in England," said Mr. Ochterlony, "and somehow my little monograph upon primitive art in Iceland came to be talked of. I have never completed it, though Franklin expressed himself much interested — and I think that's how it was suggested to my mind to come and see you to-day."

"I am very glad," said Mary, "I wanted so much to have your advice. Hugh is almost a man now —"

"A man!" said Mr. Ochterlony with a smile; "I don't see how that is possible. I hope he is not so unruly as he used to be; but you are as young as ever, and I don't see how your children can be men."

And oddly enough, just at that moment, Hugh himself made his appearance, making his way by a cross road down to the river, with his basket over his shoulder, and his

fishing-rod. He was taller than his uncle, though Mr. Ochterlony was tall; and big besides, with large, mighty, not perfectly developed limbs, swinging a little loosely upon their hinges like the limbs of a young Newfoundland or baby lion. His face was still smooth as a girl's, and fair, with downy cheeks and his mother's eyes, and that pucker in his forehead which Francis Ochterlony had known of old in the countenance of another Hugh. Mary did not say anything, but she stopped short before her boy, and put her hand on his shoulder, and looked at his uncle with a smile, appealing to him with her proud eyes and beaming face, if this was not almost a man. As for Mr. Ochterlony, he gave a great start and said, "God bless us," under his breath, and was otherwise speechless for the moment. He had been thinking of a boy, grown no doubt, but still within the limits of childhood; and lo, it was an unknown human creature that faced him, with a will and thoughts of its own, like its father and mother, and yet like nobody but itself. Hugh, for his part, looked with very curious eyes at the stranger, and dimly recognized him, and grew shamefaced and a little fidgety, as was natural to the boy.

"You see how he has grown," said Mary, who, being the triumphant one among the three, was the first to recover herself. "You do not think him a child now? It is your uncle, Hugh, come to see us. It is very kind of him — but of course you knew who it was."

"I am very glad to see my uncle," said Hugh, with eager shyness. "Yes, I knew. You are like my father's picture, sir; — and your own that we have at the cottage — and I say a little. I knew it was you."

And then they all walked on in silence; for Mr. Ochterlony was more moved by this sudden encounter than he cared to acknowledge; and Mary too, for the moment, being a sympathetic woman, saw her boy with his uncle's eyes, and saw what the recollections were that sprang up at sight of him. She told Hugh to go on and do his duty, and send home some trout for dinner; and, thus dismissing him, guided her unlooked-for visitor to the cottage. He knew the way as well as she did, which increased the embarrassment of the situation. Mary saw only the stiles and the fields, and the trees that overtopped the hedges, familiar objects that met her eyes every day; but Francis Ochterlony saw many a past day and past imagination of his own life, and seemed to walk over his own ashes as he went on. And that was Hugh! — Hugh, not his brother, but his nephew and heir, the representative of the

Ochterloneys, occupying the position which his own son should have occupied. Mr. Ochterlony had not calculated on the progress of time, and he was startled and even touched, and felt wonderingly — what it is so difficult for a man to feel — that his own course was no longer of much importance to anybody, and that here was his successor. The thought made him giddy, just as Mary's wondering sense of the unreality of her own independent life, and everlastingness of her stay at the cottage, had made her; but yet in a different way. For perhaps Francis Ochterlony had never actually realized before that most things were over for him, and that his heir stood ready and waiting for the end of his life.

There was still something of this sense of giddiness in his mind when he followed Mary through the open window into the silent drawing-room where nobody was. Perhaps he had not behaved just as he ought to have done to Agatha Seton; and the recollection of a great many things that had happened, and that had not happened, came back upon him as he wound his way with some confusion through the roses. He was half ashamed to go in, like a familiar friend, through the window. Of all men in the world, he had the least right to such a privilege of intimacy. He ought to have gone to the door in a formal way and sent in his card, and been admitted only if Miss Seton pleased; and yet here he was, in the very sanctuary of her life, invited to sit down as it were by her side, led in by the younger generation, which could not but smile at the thought of any sort of sentiment between the old woman and the old man. For indeed Mary, though she was not young, was smiling softly within herself at the idea. She had no sort of sympathy with Mr. Ochterlony's delicate embarrassment, though she was woman enough to hurry away to seek her aunt and prepare her for the meeting, and shield the ancient maiden in the first flutter of her feelings. Thus the master of Earlston was left alone in the cottage, with leisure to look round him and recognize the identity of the place, and see all its differences, and become aware of its pleasant air of habitation, and all the signs of daily use and wont which had no existence in his own house. All this confused him, and put him at a great disadvantage. The probabilities were that Agatha Seton would not have been a bit the happier had she been mistress of Earlston. Indeed the cottage had so taken her stamp that it was impossible for anybody, whose acquaintance with her was less than thirty years old, to imagine her with any other sur-

roundings. But Francis Ochterlony had known her for more than thirty years, and naturally he felt that he himself was a possession worth a woman's while, and that he had, so to speak, defrauded her of so important a piece of property; and he was penitent and ashamed of himself. Perhaps too his own heart was moved a little by the sense of something lost. His own house might have borne this sunny air of home; instead of his brother Hugh's son, there might have been a boy of his own to inhabit Earlston; and looking back at it quietly in this cottage drawing-room, Francis Ochterlony's life seemed to him something very like a mistake. He was not a hard-hearted man, and the inference he drew from this conclusion was very much in his nephew's favour. Hugh's boy was almost a man, and there was no doubt that he was the natural heir, and that it was to him everything ought to come. Instead of thinking of marrying, as Aunt Agatha imagined, or founding a hospital, or making any other ridiculous use of his money, his mind, in its softened and compunctious state, turned to its natural and obvious duty. "Let there be no mistake, at least, about the boy," he said to himself. "Let him have all that is good for him, and all that can best fit him for his position;" for, Heaven be praised, there was at least no doubt about Hugh, or question as to his being the lawful and inevitable heir.

It was this process of reasoning, or rather of feeling, that made Mrs. Ochterlony so entirely satisfied with her brother-in-law when she returned (still alone, for Miss Seton was not equal to the exertion all at once, and naturally there was something extra to be ordered for dinner) and began to talk to their uncle about the children.

"There has been no difficulty about Islay," she said; "he always knew what he wanted, and set his heart at once on his profession; but Hugh has no such decided turn. It was very kind what you said when you wrote — but — I don't think it is good for the boy to be idle. Whatever you might think it right to arrange afterwards, I think he should have something to do —"

"I did not think he had been so old," said Mr. Ochterlony almost apologetically. "Time does not leave much mark of its progress at Earlston. Something to do? I thought what a young fellow of his age enjoyed most was amusing himself. What would he like to do?"

"He does not know," said Mary, a little abashed; "that is why I wanted so much to consult you. I suppose people have talked to him of — of what you might do for him;

and he cannot bear the thought of hanging, as it were, on your charity —”

“Charity!” said Mr. Ochterlony, “it is not charity, it is right and nature. I hope he is not one of those touchy sort of boys that think kindness an injury. My poor brother Hugh was always fidgety.”

“Oh no, it is not that,” said the anxious mother, “only he is afraid that you might think he was calculating upon you; as if you were obliged to provide for him.”

“And so I am obliged to provide for him,” said Mr. Ochterlony, “as much as I should be obliged to provide for my own son, if I had one. We must find him something to do. Perhaps I ought to have thought of it sooner. What has been done about his education? What school has he been at? Is he fit for the University? Earlstown will be a better property in his days than it was when I was young,” added the uncle with a natural sigh. If he had but provided himself with an heir of his own, perhaps it would have been less troublesome on the whole. “I would send him to Oxford, which would be the best way of employing him; but is he fit for it? Where has he been to school?”

Upon which Mary, with some confusion, murmured something about the curate, and felt for the first time as if she had been indifferent to the education of her boy.

“The curate!” said Mr. Ochterlony; and he gave a little shrug of his shoulders, as if that was a very poor security for Hugh’s scholarship.

“He has done very well with all his pupils,” said Mary, “and Mr. Cramer, to whom Islay is going, was very much satisfied.”

“I forget where Islay was going?” said Mr. Ochterlony, inquiringly.

“Mr. Cramer lives near Kendal,” said Mary; “he was very highly recommended; and we thought the boy could come home for Sunday.”

Mr. Ochterlony shook his head, though still in a patronising and friendly way. “I am not sure that it is good to choose a tutor because the boy can come home on Sunday,” he said, “nor send them to the curate that you may keep them with yourself. I know it is the way with ladies; but it would have been better, I think, to have sent them to school.”

Mrs. Ochterlony was confounded by this verdict against her. All at once her eyes seemed to be opened, and she saw herself a selfish mother keeping her boys at her own apron-strings. She had not time to think of such poor arguments in her favor as want of means, or her own perfectly good inten-

tions. She was silent, struck dumb by this unthought-of condemnation; but just then a champion, she had not thought of, appeared in her defence.

“Mr. Small did very well for Hugh,” said a voice at the window; “he is a very good tutor so far as he goes. He did very well for Hugh — and Islay too,” said the new-comer, who came in at the window as he spoke with a bundle of books under his arm. The interruption was so unexpected that Mr. Ochterlony, being quite unused to the easy entrance of strangers at the window, and into the conversation, started up alarmed and a little angry. But, after all, there was nothing to be angry about.

“It is only Will,” said Mary. “Wilfrid, it is your uncle, whom you have not seen for so long. This was my baby,” she added, turning to her brother-in-law, with an anxious smile — for Wilfrid was a boy who puzzled strangers, and was not by any means so sure to make a good impression as the others were. Mr. Ochterlony shook hands with the new-comer, but he surveyed him a little doubtfully. He was about thirteen, a long boy, with big wrists and ancles visible, and signs of rapid growth. His face did not speak of country air and fare and out-door life and healthful occupation like his brother’s, but was pale and full of fancies and notions which he did not reveal to everybody. He came in and put down his books and threw himself into a chair with none of his elder brother’s pleasant shamefacedness. Will, for his part, was not given to blushing. He knew nothing about his uncle’s visit, but he took it quietly as a thing of course, and prepared to take part in the conversation, whatever its subject might be.

“Mr. Small has done very well for them all,” said Mary, taking heart again; “he has always done very well with his pupils. Mr. Cramer was very much satisfied with the progress Islay had made; and as for Hugh” —

“He is quite clever enough for Hugh,” said Will, with the same steady voice.

Mr. Ochterlony, though he was generally so grave, was amused. “My young friend, are you sure you are a judge?” he said. “Perhaps he is not clever enough for Wilfrid — is that what you meant to say?”

“It is not so much the being clever,” said the boy. “I think he has taught me as much as he knows, so it is not his fault. I wish we had been sent to school; but Hugh is all right. He knows as much as he wants to know, I suppose; and as for Islay, his is technical,” the young critic added with a

certain quiet superiority. Will, poor fellow, was the clever one of the family, and somehow he had found it out.

Mr. Ochterlony looked at this new representative of his race for some time with a little alarm. Perhaps he was thinking that, on the whole, it was as well not to have boys; and then, as much from inability to carry on the conversation as from interest in his own particular subject, he returned to Hugh.

"The best plan, perhaps, will be for Hugh to go back with me to Earlston; that is, if it is not disagreeable to you," he said, in his old-fashioned, polite way. "I have been too long thinking about it, and his position must be made distinct. Oxford would be the best; that would be both occupation and preparation for him. And I think afterwards he might pay a little attention to the estate. I never could have believed that babies grew into boys, and boys to men, so quickly. Why, it can barely be a few years since—Ah!" Mr. Ochterlony got up very precipitately from his chair. It was Aunt Agatha who had come into the room, with her white hair smoothed under her white cap, and her pretty Shetland shawl over her shoulders. Then he perceived that it was more than a few years since he had last seen her. The difference was more to him than the difference in the boys, who were creatures that sprang up nobody knew how, and were never to be relied upon. That summer morning when she came to Earlston to claim her niece, Miss Seton had been old; but it was a different kind of age from that which sat upon her soft countenance now. Francis Ochterlony had not for many a year asked himself in his seclusion whether he was old or young. His occupations were all tranquil, and he had not felt himself unable for them; but if Agatha Seton was like this, surely then it must indeed be time to think of an heir.

The day passed with a curious speed and yet tardiness, such as is peculiar to days of excitement. When they were not talking of the boys, nobody could tell what to talk about. Once or twice, indeed, Mr. Ochterlony began to speak of the Numismatic Society, or the excavations at Nineveh, or some other cognate subject; but he always came to a standstill when he caught Aunt Agatha's soft eyes wondering over him. They had not talked about excavations, nor numismatics either, the last time he had been here; and there was no human link between that time and this, except the boys, of whom they could all talk: and to this theme accordingly everybody returned.

Hugh came in audibly, leaving his basket at the kitchen door as he passed, and Islay, with his long head and his deep eyes, came down from his room where he was working, and Will kept his seat in the big Indian chair in the corner, where he dangled his long legs, and listened. Everybody felt the importance of the moment, and was dreadfully serious, even when lighter conversation was attempted. To show the boys in their best light, each of the three, and yet not so to show them as if anybody calculated upon, or was eager about, the uncle's patronage; to give him an idea of their different characters without any suspicion of "showing off," which the lads could not have tolerated; all this was very difficult to the two anxious women, and required such an amount of mental effort as made it hard to be anything but serious. Fortunately, the boys themselves were a little excited by the novelty of such a visitor, and curious about their uncle, not knowing what his appearance might mean. Hugh flushed into a singular mixture of exaltation, and suspicion, and surprise, when Mr. Ochterlony invited him to Earlston; and looked at his mother with momentary distrust, to see if by any means she had sought the invitation; and Wilfrid sat and dangled his long legs, and listened, with an odd appreciation of the fact that the visit was to Hugh, and not to himself or any more important member of the family. As for Islay, he was always a good fellow, and like himself; and his way was clear before him, and admitted of no hopes or fears except as to whether or not he should succeed at his examination, which was a matter about which he had himself no very serious doubts, though he said little about it; and perhaps on the whole it was Islay, who was quite indifferent, whom Mr. Ochterlony would have fixed his choice upon, had he been at liberty to choose.

When the visitor departed, which he did the same evening, the household drew a long breath; everybody was relieved, from Peggy in the kitchen, whose idea was that the man was "looking after our Miss Agatha, again," down to Will, who had now leisure and occasion to express his sentiments on the subject. Islay went back to his work to make up for the lost day, having only a moderate and temporary interest in his uncle. It was the elder and the younger who alone felt themselves concerned. As for Hugh, the world seemed to have altered in these few hours; Mr. Ochterlony had not said a great deal to him; but what he said had been said as a man speaks who means and has the power to carry out his words;

and the vague heirship had become all of a sudden the reallest fact in existence, and a thing which could not be, and never could have been, otherwise. And he was slightly giddy, and his head swam with the sudden elevation. But as for Wilfrid, what had he to do with it, any more than any other member of the family? though he was always a strange boy, and there never was any reckoning what he might do or say.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WILL'S room was a small room opening from his mother's, which would have been her dressing-room had she wanted such a luxury; and when Mrs. Ochterlony went up-stairs late that night, after a long talk with Aunt Agatha, she found the light still burning in the little room, and her boy seated, with his jacket and his shoes off, on the floor, in a brown study. He was sitting with his knees drawn up to his chin in a patch of moonlight that shone in from the window. The moonlight made him look ghastly, and his candle had burnt down and was flickering unsteadily in the socket, and Mary was alarmed. She did not think of any moral cause for the first moment, but only that something was the matter with him, and went in with a sudden maternal panic to see what it was. Will took no immediate notice of her anxious questions, but he condescended to raise his head and prop up his chin with his hands, and stare up into her face.

"Mother," he said, "you always go on as if a fellow was ill. Can't one be thinking a little without anything being the matter? I should have put out my light had I known you were coming up-stairs."

"You know, Will, that I cannot have you sit here and think, as you say. It is not thinking — it is brooding, and does you harm," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "Jump up and go to bed."

"Presently," said the boy. "Is it true that Hugh will go to Oxford, mamma?"

"Very likely," said Mary, with some pride. "Your uncle will see how he has got on with his studies, and after that I think he will go."

"What for?" said Will. "What is the good? He knows as much as he wants to know, and Mr. Small is quite good enough for him."

"What for?" said Mary, with displeasure. "For his education like other gentlemen, and that he may take his right position. But you are too young to understand all that. Get up and go to bed."

"I am not too young to understand," said Wilfrid; "what is the good of throwing money and time away? You may tell my uncle, Hugh will never do any good at Oxford; and I don't see, for my part, why he should be the one to go."

"He is the eldest, and he is your uncle's heir," said Mary, with a conscious swelling of her motherly heart.

"I don't see what difference being the eldest makes," said Will, embracing his knees. "I have been thinking over it this long time. Why should he be sent to Oxford, and the rest of us stay at home? What does it matter about the eldest? A fellow is not any better than me because he was born before me. You might as well send Peggy to Oxford," said Will, with vehemence, "as send Hugh."

Mrs. Ochterlony, whose mind just then was specially occupied by Hugh, was naturally disturbed by this speech. She put out the flickering candle, and set down her own light, and closed the door. "I cannot let you speak so about your brother, Will," she said. "He may not be so quick as you are for your age, but I wish you were as modest and as kind as Hugh is. Why should you grudge his advancement? I used to think you would get the better of this feeling when you ceased to be a child."

"Of what feeling?" cried Will, lifting his pale face from his knees.

"My dear boy, you ought to know," said Mary; "this grudge that any one should have a pleasure or an advantage which you have not. A child may be excused, but no man who thinks so continually of himself" —

"I was not thinking of myself," said Will, springing up from the floor with a flush on his face. "You will always make a moral affair of it, mother. As if one could not discuss a thing. But I know that Hugh is not clever, though he is the eldest. Let him have Earlston if he likes, but why should he have Oxford? And why should it always be supposed that he is better, and a different kind of clay?"

"I wonder where you learned all that, Will," said Mary, with a smile. "One would think you had picked up some Radical or other. I might be vexed to see Lady Balderston walk out of the room before me, if it was because she pretended to be a better woman; but when it is only because she is Lady Balderston, what does it matter? Hugh can't help being the eldest: if you had been the eldest" —

"Ah!" said Will, with a long breath; "if I had been the eldest" — And then he stopped short.

"What would you have done?" said Mrs. Ochterlony, smiling still.

"I would have done what Hugh will never do," cried the boy. "I would have taken care of everybody. I would have found out what they were fit for, and put them in the right way. The one that had brains should have been cultivated, and the one who had no brains should have done something else. There should have been no such mistake as — But that is always how it is in the world — everybody says so," said Wilfrid; "stupid people who know nothing about it are set at the head, and those who could manage" —

"Will," said his mother, "do you know you are very presumptuous, and think a great deal too well of yourself? If you were not such a child, I should be angry. It is very well to be clever at your lessons, but that is no proof that you are able to manage as you say. Let Hugh and his prospects alone for to-night, and go to bed."

"Yes, I can let him alone," said Will. "I suppose it is not worth one's while to mind — he will do no good at Oxford, you know, that is one thing; whereas other people" —

"Always yourself, Will," said Mary, with a sigh.

"Myself — or even Islay," said the boy, in the most composed way; "though Islay is very technical. Still, he could do some good. But Hugh is an out-of-door sort of fellow. He would do for a farmer or game-keeper, or to go to Australia, as he says. A man should always follow his natural bent. If, instead of going by eldest sons and that sort of rubbish, they were to try for the right man in the right place. And then you might be sure to be done the best for, mother, and that he would take care of you."

"Will, you are very conceited and very unjust," said Mary: but she was his mother, and she relented as she looked into his weary young face; "but I hope you have your heart in the right place, for all your talk," she said, kissing him before she went away. She went back to her room disturbed, as she had often been before, but still smiling at Will's "way." It was all boyish folly and talk, and he did not mean it; and as he grew older he would learn better. Mary did not care to speculate upon the volcanic elements which, for anything she could tell, might be lying under her very hand. She could not think of different developments of character and hostile individualities, as people might to whom the three boys were but boys in the

abstract, and not Hugh, Islay, and Will — the one as near and dear to her as the other. Mrs. Ochterlony was not philosophical, neither could she follow out to their natural results the tendencies which she could not but see. She preferred to think of it, as Will himself said, as a moral affair — a fault which would mend; and so laid her head on her pillow with a heart uneasy — but no more uneasy than was consistent with the full awakening of anxious yet hopeful life.

As for Will, he was asleep ten minutes after, and had forgotten all about it. His heart *was* in its right place, though he was plagued with a very arrogant, troublesome, restless little head, and a greater amount of "notions" than are good for his age. He wanted to be at the helm of affairs, to direct everything — a task for which he felt himself singularly competent: but, after all, it was for the benefit of other people that he wanted to rule. It seemed to him that he could arrange for everybody so much better than they could for themselves: and he would have been liberal to Hugh, though he had a certain contempt for his abilities. He would have given him occupation suited to him, and all the indulgences which he was most fitted to appreciate; and he would have made a kind of beneficent empress of his mother, and put her at the head of all manner of benevolence, as other wise despots have been known to do. But Will was the youngest, and nobody so much as asked his advice, or took him into consideration; and the poor boy was thus thrown back upon his own superiority, and got to brood upon it, and scorn the weaker expedients with which other people sought to fill up the place which he alone was truly qualified to fill. Fortunately, however, he forgot all this as soon as he had fallen asleep.

Hugh had no such legislative views for his part. He was not given to speculation. He meant to do his duty, and be a credit to everybody belonging to him; but he was a great deal younger than his boy-brother, and it did not occur to him to separate himself in idea — even to do them good — from his own people. The future danced and glimmered before him, but it was a brightness without any theory in it — a thing full of spontaneous good-fortune and well-doing, with which his own cleverness had nothing to do. Islay, for his part, thought very little about it. He was pleased for Hugh's sake, but as he had always looked upon Hugh's good-fortune as a certainty the fact did not excite him, and

he was more interested about a tough problem he was working at, and which his uncle's visit had interrupted. It was a more agitated household than it had been a few months before — ere the doors of the future had opened suddenly upon the lads; but there was still no agitation under the cottage roof which was inconsistent with sweet rest and quiet sleep.

It made a dreadful difference in the house, as everybody said, when the two boys went away — Islay to Mr. Cramer's, the "coach" who was to prepare him for his examination, and Hugh to Earlston. The cottage had always been quiet, its inhabitants thought, but now it fell into a dead calm, which was stifling and unearthly. Will, the only representative of youth left among them, was graver than Aunt Agatha, and made no gay din, but only noises of an irritating kind. He kicked his legs and feet about, and the legs of all the chairs, and let his books fall, and knocked over the flower-stands — which were all exasperating sounds: but he did not fill the house with snatches of song, with laughter, and the pleasant evidence that a light heart was there. He used to "read" in his own room, with a diligence which was much stimulated by the conviction that Mr. Small was very little ahead of him, and, to keep up his position of instructor, must work hard, too; and, when this was over, he planted himself in a corner of the drawing-room, in the great Indian chair, with a book, beguiling the two ladies into unconsciousness of his presence, and then interposing in their conversation in the most inconvenient way. This was Will's way of showing his appreciation of his mother's society. He was not her right hand, like Hugh, nor did he watch over her comfort in Islay's steady, noiseless way. But he liked to be in the same room with her, to haunt the places where she was, to interfere in what she was doing, and seize the most unfit moments for the expression of his sentiments. With Aunt Agatha he was abrupt and indifferent, being insensible to all conventional delicacies; and he took pleasure, or seemed to take pleasure, in contradicting Mrs. Ochterlony, and going against all her conclusions and arguments; but he paid her the practical compliment of preferring her society, and keeping by her side.

It was while thus left alone, and with the excitement of this first change fresh upon her, that Mrs. Ochterlony heard another piece of news which moved her greatly. It was that the regiment at Carlisle was about to leave, and that it was *Our* regi-

ment which was to take its place. She thought she was sorry for the first moment. It was upon one of those quiet afternoons just after the boys had left the cottage, when the two ladies were sitting in the silence, not talking much, thinking how long it was to post-time, and how strange it was that the welcome steps and voices which used to invade the quiet so abruptly and so sweetly, were now beyond hoping for. And the afternoon seemed to have grown so much longer, now that there was no Hugh to burst in with news from the outer world, no Islay to emerge from his problems. Will sat, as usual, in the great chair, but he was reading, and did not contribute to the cheerfulness of the party. And it was just then that Sir Edward came in, doubly welcome, to talk of the absent lads, and ask for the last intelligence of them, and bring this startling piece of news. Mrs. Ochterlony was aware that the regiment had finished its service in India long ago, and there was, of course, no reason why it should not come to Carlisle, but it was not an idea which had ever occurred to her. She thought she was sorry for the first moment, and the news gave her an unquestionable shock; but, after all, it was not a shock of pain: her heart gave a leap and kept on beating faster, as with a new stimulus. She could think of nothing else all the evening. Even when the post came, and the letters, and all the wonderful first impressions of the two new beginners in the world, this other thought returned as soon as it was possible for any thought to regain a footing. She began to feel as if the very sight of the uniform would be worth a pilgrimage; and then there would be so many questions to ask, so many curiosities and yearnings to satisfy. She could not keep her mind from going out into endless speculations — how many would remain of her old friends? — how many might have dropped out of the ranks, or exchanged, or retired, or been promoted? — how many new marriages there had been, and how many children? — little Emma Askell, for instance, how many babies she might have now? Mary had kept up a desultory correspondence with some of the ladies for a year or two, and even had continued for a long time to get serious letters from Mrs. Kirkman; but these correspondences had dropped off gradually, as is their nature, and the colonel's wife was not a woman to enlarge on Emma Askell's babies, having matters much more important on hand.

This new opening of interest moved Mrs.

Ochterlony in spite of herself. She forgot all the painful associations, and looked forward to the arrival of the regiment as an old sailor might look for the arrival of a squadron on active service. Did the winds blow and the waves rise as they used to do on those high seas from which they came? Though Mary had been so long becalmed, she remembered all about the conflicts and storms of that existence more vividly than she remembered what had passed yesterday, and she had a strange longing to know whether all that had departed from her own life existed still for her old friends. Between the breaks of the tranquil conversation she felt herself continually relapse into the regimental roll, always beginning again and always losing the thread; recalling the names of the men and of their wives whom she had been kind to once, and feeling as if they belonged to her, and as if something must be brought back to her by their return.

There was, however, little said about it all that evening, much as it was in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind. When the letters had been discussed, the conversation languished. Summer had begun to wane, and the roses were over, and it began to be impracticable to keep the windows open all the long evening. There was even a fire for the sake of cheerfulness—a little fire which blazed and crackled and made twice as much display as if it had been a serious winter fire and essential to existence—and all the curtains were drawn except over the one window from which Sir Edward's light was visible. Aunt Agatha had grown more fanciful than ever about that window since Winnie's marriage. Even in winter the shutters were never closed there until Miss Seton herself went upstairs, and all the long night the friendly star of Sir Edward's lamp shone faint but steady in the distance. In this way the hall and the cottage kept each other kindly company, and the thought pleased the old people, who had been friends all their lives. Aunt Agatha sat by her favourite table, with her own lamp burning softly and responding to Sir Edward's far-off light, and she never raised her head without seeing it and thinking thoughts in which Sir Edward had but a small share. It was darker than usual on this special night, and there were neither moon nor stars to diminish the importance of the domestic Pharos. Miss Seton looked up, and her eyes lingered upon the blackness of the window and the distant point of illumination, and she sighed as she often did. It was a long time ago and the boys had grown

up in the meantime, and intruded much upon Aunt Agatha's affections; but still these interlopers had not made her forget the especial child of her love.

"My poor dear Winnie!" said the old lady. "I sometimes almost fancy I can see her coming in by that window. She was fond of seeing Sir Edward's light. Now that the dear boys are gone, and it is so quiet again, does it not make you think sometimes of your darling sister, Mary? If we could only hear as often from her as we hear from Islay and Hugh"—

"But it is not long since you had a letter," said Mary, who, to tell the truth, had not been thinking much of her darling sister, and felt guilty when this appeal was made to her.

"Yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh, "and they are always such nice letters; but I am afraid I am very discontented, my dear love. I always want to have something more. I was thinking some of your friends in the regiment could tell you, perhaps, about Edward. I never would say it to you, for I knew that you had things of your own to think about; but for a long time I have been very uneasy in my mind."

"But Winnie has not complained," said Mary, looking up unconsciously at Sir Edward's window, and feeling as if it shone with a certain weird and conscious light, like a living creature aware of all that was being said.

"She is not a girl ever to complain," said Aunt Agatha, proudly. "She is more like what I would have been myself, Mary, if I had ever been—in the circumstances you know. She would break her heart before she would complain. I think there is a good deal of difference, my dear, between your nature and ours; and that was, perhaps, why you never quite understood my sweet Winnie. I am sure you are more reasonable; but you are not—not to call passionate, you know. It is a great deal better, a very great deal better," cried Aunt Agatha, anxiously. "You must not think I do not see that; but Winnie and I are a couple of fools that would do anything for love; and, rather than complain, I am sure she would die."

Mary did not say that Winnie had done what was a great deal more than complaining, and had set her husband before them in a very uncomfortable light—and she took the verdict upon herself quietly, as a matter of course. "Mr. Askell used to know him very well," she said; "perhaps he knows something. But Edward Percival never was very popular, and you must

not quarrel with me if I bring you back a disagreeable report."

"If it is about Aunt Winnie's husband, they say he is a fellow who bets and does all sorts of things," said the voice from the corner, which broke in so often upon their confidential talk.

Aunt Agatha gave a great jump in her chair. "Oh, Mary, I thought that dreadful boy was in bed!" she said, tremulously. "Do you know, Will, that it is very unkind and inconsiderate to say such things? Edward Percival is as much to me, or nearly as much to me — or at least he ought to be as much — as you are. And you ought to call him your uncle; and where could you ever hear a dreadful falsehood like that?"

"It is not a dreadful falsehood," said Wilfred. "It is quite true, I am sure. I should like to see him. It would always be something to see a man who was not exactly like everybody else."

"Be quiet, Will," said Aunt Agatha, with a little indignation. "You ought to be in bed. If your mother were to take my advice, she would send you to bed every night at nine o'clock. It would be so much better for you. People who are not like other people, are never safe people," Miss Seton added, pointedly; for since his brothers had been away, Will, who was brought out by their absence, and attracted much more attention, had been unquestionably too much for his aunt.

"It is only some foolish story he has heard," said Mary. "He cannot know anything. I think I will go in to Carlisle as soon as they arrive. I should like to see them all again."

"And yet it will be a trial for you, Mary," said Aunt Agatha. "I do not think I could have borne it if it had been me. It will make you think of the difference. I was very angry with Sir Edward for telling you; but then you are so brave, and bear these things so well."

This was another little prick such as, kind as she was, Miss Seton rather liked to inflict upon her niece, who was not sentimental, nor apt to find ordinary things "great trials." But Mary was silent, for she was thinking of other things: not merely her happy days, but the one great vexation and mortification of her life, of which the regiment was aware — and whether the painful memory of it would ever return again to vex her. It had faded out of her recollection in the long peacefulness and quiet of her life. Could it ever return again to shame and wound, as it had once

done? From where she was sitting with her work, between the cheerful lamp and the bright little blazing fire, Mary went away in an instant to the scene so distant and different, and was kneeling again by her husband's side, a woman humbled, yet never before so indignantly, resentfully proud, in the little chapel of the station. Would it ever come back again, that one blot on her life, with all its false, injurious suggestions? She said to herself "No." No doubt it had died out of other people's minds as out of her own, and on Kirtell-side nobody would have dared to doubt on such a subject; and now that the family affairs were settled, and Hugh was established at Earlstown, his uncle's acknowledged heir, this cloud, at least, could never rise on her again to take the comfort out of her life. She dismissed the very thought of it from her mind, and her heart warmed to the recollection of the old faces and the old ways. She had a kind of longing to see them, as if her life would be completer after. It was not as "a great trial" that Mary thought of it. She was too eager and curious to know how they had all fared; and if, to some of them at least, the old existence, so long broken up for herself, continued and flourished as of old.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was accordingly with a little excitement that when the regiment had actually arrived Mrs. Ochterlony set out for the neighbouring town to renew her acquaintance with her old friends. It was winter by that time, and winter is seldom very gentle in Cumberland; but she was too much interested to be detained by the weather. She had said nothing to Wilfred on the subject, and it startled her a little to find him standing at the door waiting for her, carefully dressed, which was not usually a faculty of his, and evidently prepared to accompany her. When she opened the cottage-door to go out, and saw him, an unaccountable panic seized her. There he stood in the sunshine, — not gay and thoughtless like his brother Hugh, nor pre-occupied like Islay, — with his keen eyes and sharp ears, and mind that seemed always to lie in wait for something. The recollection of the one thing which she did not want to be known had come strongly to her mind once more at that particular moment; a little tremor had run through her frame — a sense of half-painful, half-pleasant excitement. When her eye fell

on Wilfred, she went back a step unconsciously, and her heart for the moment seemed to stop beating. She wanted to bring her friends to Kirtell, to show them her boys and make them acquainted with all her life; and probably, had it been Hugh, he would have accompanied her as a matter of course. But somehow Wilfred was different. Without knowing what her reason was, she felt reluctant to undergo the first questionings and reminiscences with this keen spectator standing by to hear and see all, and to demand explanation of matters which it might be difficult to explain.

"Did you mean to go with me, Will?" she said. "But you know we cannot leave Aunt Agatha all by herself. I wanted to see you to ask you to be as agreeable as possible while I am gone."

"I am never agreeable to Aunt Agatha" said Will; "she always liked the others best; and besides, she does not want me, and I am going to take care of you."

"Thank you," said Mary, with a smile; "but I don't want you either for to-day. We shall have so many things to talk about — old affairs that you would not understand."

"I like that sort of thing," said Will; "I like listening to women's talk — especially when it is about things I don't understand. It is always something new."

Mary smiled, but there was something in his persistence that frightened her. "My dear Will, I don't want you to-day," she said, with a slight shiver, in spite of herself.

"Why, mamma?" said Will, with open eyes.

He was not so well brought up as he ought to have been, as anybody will perceive. He did not accept his mother's decision, and put away his Sunday hat and say no more about it. On the contrary, he looked with suspicion (as she thought) at her, and kept his position — surprised and remonstrative, and not disposed to give in.

"Will," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "I will not have you with me, and that must be enough. These are all people whom I have not seen since you were a baby. It may be a trial for us all to meet, for I don't know what may have happened to them. I can speak of my affairs before you, for you — know them all," Mary went on with a momentary faltering; "but it is not to be supposed that they could speak of theirs in the presence of a boy they do not know. Go now and amuse yourself, and don't do anything to frighten Aunt Agatha; and

you can come and meet me by the evening train."

But she could not get rid of a sense of fear as she left him. He was not like other boys, from whose mind a little contradiction passes away almost as soon as it is spoken. He had that strange faculty of connecting one thing with another which is sometimes so valuable and sometimes leads a lively intellect so much astray; and if ever he should come to know that there was anything in his mother's history which she wished to keep concealed from him —. It was a foolish thought, but it was not the less painful on that account. Mary had come to the end of her little journey before she got free from its influence. The united household at the cottage was not rich enough to possess anything in the shape of a carriage, but they were near the railway, which served almost the same purpose. It seemed to Mrs. Ochterlony as if the twelve intervening years were but a dream when she found herself in a drawing-room which had already taken Mrs. Kirkman's imprint, and breathed of her in every corner. It was not such a room, it is true, as the hot Indian chamber in which Mary had last seen the colonel's wife. It was one of the most respectable and sombre, as well as one of the best of the houses which let themselves furnished, with an eye to the officers. It had red curtains and red carpets, and blinds drawn more than half way down; there were two or three boxes, with a significant slit in the lid, distributed about the different tables. In the centre of the round table before the fire there was a little trophy built up of small Indian gods, which were no doubt English manufacture, but which had been for a long time Mrs. Kirkman's text, and quite invaluable to her as a proof of the heathen darkness which was her favourite subject; and at the foot of this ugly pyramid lay a little heap of pamphlets, reports of all the societies under heaven. Mary recognised too, as she sat and waited, the large brown-paper cover, in which she knew by experience Mrs. Kirkman's favourite tracts were inclosed; and the little basket which contained a smaller roll, and which had room besides occasionally for a little tea and sugar, when circumstances made them necessary; and the book with limp boards, in which the colonel's wife kept her list of names, with little biographical comments opposite, which had once amused the subalterns so much when it fell into their hands. She had her sealed book besides, with a Bramah lock, which was far too sacred to be re-

vealed to profane eyes; but yet, perhaps, she liked to tantalize profane eyes with the sight of its undiscoverable riches, for it lay on the table like the rest. This was how Mary saw at a glance that, whatever might have happened to the others, Mrs. Kirkman at least was quite unchanged.

She came gliding into the room a minute after, so like herself that Mrs. Ochterlony felt once more that time was not, and that her life had been a dream. She folded her visitor in a silent embrace, and kissed her with inexpressible meaning, and fanned her cheeks with those two long locks hanging out of curl which had been her characteristic embellishments since ever any one remembered. The light hair was now a little grey, but that made no difference to speak of either in colour or general aspect; and, so far as any other change went, those earlier years might never have been.

"My dear Mary!" she said at last, "My dear friend! Oh, what a thought that little as we deserve it, we should have been *both* spared to meet again!"

There was an emphasis on the *both* which it was very touching to hear; and Mary naturally could not but feel that the wonder and the thankfulness were chiefly on her own account.

"I am very glad to see you again," she said, feeling her heart yearn to her old friend — "and so entirely unchanged."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I hope we have *both* profited by our opportunities, and made some return for so many mercies. One great thing I have looked forward to ever since I knew we were coming here, was the thought of seeing you again. You know I always considered you one of my own little flock, dear Mary! one of those who would be my crown of rejoicing. It is such a pleasure to have you again."

And Mrs. Kirkman gave Mrs. Ochterlony another kiss, and thought of the woman that was a sinner with a gush of sweet feeling in her heart.

As for Mary, she took it very quietly, having no inclination to be affronted or offended — but, on the contrary, a kind of satisfaction in finding all as it used to be; the same thoughts and the same kind of talk, and everything unchanged, while all with herself had changed so much. "Thank you," she said; "and now tell me about yourself and about them all: the Heskeths and the Churchills and all our old friends. I am thirsting to hear about them, and

what changes there may have been, and how many are here."

"Ah, my dear Mary, there have been many changes," said Mrs. Kirkman. "Mrs. Churchill died years ago — did you not hear? — and in a very much more prepared state of mind, I trust and hope; and he has a curacy somewhere, and is bringing up the poor children — in his own pernicious views, I sadly fear."

"Has he pernicious views?" said Mary. "Poor Mrs. Churchill — and yet one could not have looked for anything else."

"Don't say poor," said Mrs. Kirkman. "It is good for her to have been taken away from the evil to come. He is very lax, and always was very lax. You know how little he was to be depended upon at the station, and how much was thrown upon me, unworthy as I am, to do; and it is sad to think of those poor dear children brought up in such opinions. They are very poor, but that is nothing in comparison. Captain Hesketh retired when he came back to England. They went to their own place in the country, and they are very comfortable, I believe — too comfortable, Mary. It makes them forget things that are so much more precious. And I doubt if there is anybody to say a faithful word!"

"She was very kind," said Mary, "and good to everybody. I am very sorry they are gone."

"Yes, she was kind," said Mrs. Kirkman, "that kind of natural amiability which is such a delusion. And everything goes well with them," she added, with a sigh: "there is nothing to rouse them up. Oh, Mary, you remember what I said when your pride was brought low — anything is better than being let alone."

Mrs. Ochterlony began to feel her old opposition stirring in her mind, but she refrained heroically, and went on with her interrogatory. "And the doctor," she said, "and the Askells? — they are still in the regiment. I want you to tell me where I can find Emma, and how things have gone with her — poor child! but she ought not to be such a baby now."

Mrs. Kirkman sighed. "No, she ought not to be a baby," she said. "I never like to judge any one, and I would like you to form your own opinion, Mary. She too has little immortal souls committed to her; and oh! it is sad to see how little people think of such a trust — whereas others who would have given their whole souls to it — But no doubt it is all for the best. I have not

asked you yet how are your dear boys. I hope you are endeavouring to make them grow in grace. Oh, Mary, I hope you have thought well over your responsibility. A mother has so much in her hands."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ochterlony quickly; "but they are very good boys, and I have every reason to be content with them. Hugh is at Earlston, just now, with his uncle. He is to succeed him, you know; and he is going to Oxford directly, I believe. And Islay is going to Woolwich if he can pass his examination. He is just the same long-headed boy he used to be. And Will—my baby; perhaps you remember what a little thing he was?—I think he is going to be the genius of the family." Mary went on with a simple effusiveness unusual to her, betrayed by the delight of talking about her boys to some one who knew and yet did not know them. Perhaps she forgot that her listener's interest could not possibly be so great as her own.

Mrs. Kirkman sat with her hands clasped on her knee, and she looked in Mary's eyes with a glance which was meant to go to her soul—a mournful inquiring glance which from under the dropped eyelids seemed to fall as from an altitude of scarcely human compassion and solicitude. "Oh, call them not good," she said. "Tell me what signs of awakening you have seen in their hearts. Dear Mary, do not neglect the one thing needful for your precious boys. Think of their immortal souls. That is what interests me much more than their worldly prospects. Do you think their hearts have been truly touched?"

"I think God has been very kind to us all, and that they are good boys," said Mary; "you know we don't think quite alike on some subjects; or, at least, we don't express ourselves alike. I can see you do as much as ever among the men, and among the poor."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kirkman, with a sigh; "I feel unworthy of it, and the flesh is weak, and I would fain draw back; but it happens strangely that there is always a very lukewarm ministry wherever we are placed, my dear. I would give anything in the world to be but a hearer of the word like others; but yet woe is unto me if I neglect the work. This is some one coming in now to speak with me on spiritual matters. I am at home to them between two and three; but, my dear Mary, it is not necessary that you, who have been in the position of an inquiring soul yourself, should go away."

"I will come back again," said Mary, rising; "and you will come to see me at Kir-

tell, will not you? It makes one forget how many years have passed to see you employed exactly as of old."

"Ah, we are all too apt to forget how the years pass," said Mrs. Kirkman. She gave a nod of recognition to some women who came shyly in at the moment, and then she took Mary's hand and drew her a step aside. "And nothing more has happened, Mary?" she said; "nothing has followed? and there is to be no inquiry or anything? I am very thankful, for your sake."

"Inquiry!" said Mary, with momentary amazement. "What kind of inquiry? what could have followed? I do not know what you mean!"

"I mean about—what gave us all so much pain—your marriage, Mary," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I hope there has been nothing about it again?"

This was a very sharp trial for the superposition of old friendship in Mrs. Ochterlony's heart, especially as the inquiring souls who had come to see Mrs. Kirkman were within hearing, and looked with a certain subdued curiosity upon the visitor and the conversation. Mary's face flushed with a sudden burning, and indignation came to her aid; but even at that moment her strongest feeling was thankfulness that Wilfrid was not there.

"I do not know what could have been about it," she said; "I am among my own people, here; my marriage was well known, and everything about it, in my own place."

"You are angry, dear," said Mrs. Kirkman. "Oh, don't encourage angry feelings; you know I never made any difference; I never imagined it was your fault. And I am so glad to hear it has made no unpleasantness with the dear boys."

Perhaps it was not with the same charity as at first that Mrs. Ochterlony felt the long curls again fan her cheek, but still she accepted the farewell kiss. She had expected some ideal difference, some visionary kind of elevation, which would leave the same individual, yet a loftier kind of woman, in the place of her former friend. And what she had found was a person quite unchanged—the same woman, harder in her peculiarities rather than softer, as is unfortunately the most usual case. The Colonel's wife had the best meaning in the world, and she was a good woman in her way; but not a dozen lives, let alone a dozen years, could have given her the finer sense which must come by nature, nor even that tolerance and sweetness of experience, which is a benefit which only a few people in the world draw from the passage of years.

Mary was disappointed, but she acknowledged in her heart—having herself acquired that gentleness of experience—that she had no right to be disappointed; and it was with a kind of smile at her own vain expectations that she went in search of Emma Askell, her little friend of old—the impulsive girl, who had amused her, and loved her, and worried her in former times. Young Askell was Captain now, and better off, it was to be hoped; but yet they were not well enough off to be in a handsome house, or have everything proper about them, like the Colonel's wife. It was in the outskirts of the town that Mary had to seek them, in a house with a little bare garden in front, bare in its winter nakedness, with its little grass-plot trodden down by many feet, and showing all those marks of neglect and indifference which betray the stage at which poverty sinks into the mud-dle of discouragement and carelessness, and forgets appearances. It was a dirty little maid who opened the door, and the house was another very inferior specimen of the furnished house so well known to all unsettled and wandering people. The chances are, that delicate and orderly as Mrs. Ochterlony was by nature, the sombre shabbiness of the place would not have struck her in her younger days, when she, too, had to take her chance of furnished houses, and do her best, as became a soldier's wife. And then poor little Emma had been married too early, and began her struggling, shifty life too soon, to know anything about that delicate domestic order, which is half a religion. Poor little Emma! she was as old now as Mary had been when she came back to Kirtell with her boys, and it was difficult to form any imagination of what time might have done for her. Mrs. Ochterlony went up the narrow stairs with a sense of half-amused curiosity, guided not only by the dirty little maid, but by the sound of a little voice crying in a lamentable, endless sort of way. It was a kind of cry which in itself told the story of the family—not violent, as if the result of a sudden injury or fit of passion, which there was somebody by to console or to punish, but the endless, tedious lamentation, which nobody took any particular notice of, or cared about.

And this was the scene that met Mrs. Ochterlony's eyes when she entered the room. She had sent the maid away and opened the door herself, for her heart was full. It was a shabby little room on the first floor, with cold windows opening down to the floor, and letting in the cold Cumberland winds to chill the feet and aggravate

the temper of the inhabitants. In the foreground sat a little girl with a baby sleeping on her knee, one little brother in front of her and another behind her chair, and that pretty air of being herself the domestic centre and chief mover of everything, which it is at once sweet and sad to see in a child. This little woman neither saw nor heard the stranger at the door. She had been hushing and rocking her baby, and now that it had peaceably sunk to sleep, was about to hear her little brother's lesson, as it appeared; while at the same time addressing a word of remonstrance to the author of the cry, another small creature who sat rubbing her eyes with two fat fists, upon the floor. Of all this group, the only one aware of Mary's appearance was the little fellow behind his sister's chair, who lifted wondering eyes to the door, and stared and said nothing, after the manner of children. The little party was so complete in itself, and seemed to centre so naturally in the elder sister, that the spectator felt no need to seek further. It was all new and unlooked for, yet it was a kind of scene to go to the heart of a woman who had children of her own; and Mary stood and looked at the little ones, and at the child-mother in the midst of them, without even becoming aware of the presence of the actual mother, who had been lying on a sofa, in a detached and separate way, reading a book, which she now thrust under her pillow, as she raised herself on her cushions and gazed with wide-open eyes at her visitor, who did not see her. It was a woman very little like the pretty Emma of old times, with a hectic colour on her cheeks, her hair hanging loosely and disordered by lying down, and the absorbed, half-awakened look, natural to a mind which has been suddenly roused up out of a novel into an actual emergency. The hushing of the baby to sleep, the hearing of the lessons, the tedious crying of the little girl at her feet, had all gone on without disturbing Mrs. Askell. She had been so entirely absorbed in one of Jane Eyre's successors and imitators (for that was the epoch of Jane Eyre in novels), and Nelly was so completely responsible for all that was going on, that the mother had never even roused up to a sense of what was passing round her, until the door opened and the stranger looked in with a face which was not a stranger's face.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Askell, springing up. "Oh, my Madonna, can it be you? Are you sure it is you, you dear, you darling! Don't go looking at the children as if they were the principal, but give

me a kiss and say it is you,—say you are sure it is you!”

And the rapture of delight and welcome she went into, though it showed how weak-minded and excitable she was, was in its way not disagreeable to Mary, and touched her heart. She gave the kiss she was asked for, and received a flood in return, and such embraces as nearly took her breath away; and then Nelly was summoned to take “the things” off an easy chair, the only one in the room, which stood near her mother’s sofa. Mary was still in Mrs. Askell’s arms when this command was given, but she saw the girl gather up the baby in her arms, and moving softly not to disturb the little sleeper, collect the encumbering articles together and draw the chair for ward. No one else moved or took any trouble. The bigger boy stood and watched behind his sister’s chair, and the younger one turned round to indulge in the same inspection, and little Emma took her fists out of her eyes. But there was nobody but the little woman with the baby who could get for the guest the only comfortable chair.

“Now sit down and be comfortable, and let me look at you; I could be content just to look at you all day,” said Emma. “You are just as you always were, and not a bit changed. It is because you have not had all our cares. I look a perfect fright, and as old as my grandmother, and I am no good for anything: but you are just the same as you used to be. Oh, it is just like the old times, seeing you! I have been in such a state, I did not know what to do with myself since ever I knew we were coming here.”

“But I do not think you are looking old, though you look delicate,” said Mary. “Let me make acquaintance with the children. Nelly, you used to be in my arms as much as your mamma’s when you were a baby. You are just the same age as my Will, and you were the best baby that ever was. Tell me their names and how old they all are. You know they are all strangers to me.”

“Yes,” said their mother, with a little fretfulness. “It was such a mercy Nelly was the eldest. I never could have kept living if she had been a boy. I have been such a suffering creature, and we have been moved about so much, and oh, we have had so much to do! You can’t fancy what a life we have had,” cried poor Emma; and the mere thought of it brought tears to her eyes.

“Yes, I know it is a troublesome life,” said Mary; “but you are young, and you

have your husband, and the children are all so well” —

“Yes, the children are all well,” said Emma; “but then every new place they come to, they take measles or something, and I am gone to a shadow before they are right again; and then the doctors’ bills—I think Charley and Lucy and Emma have had *everything*,” said the aggrieved mother; “and they always take them so badly; and then Askell takes it into his head it is damp linen or something, and thinks it is my fault. It is bad enough when a woman is having her children,” cried poor Emma, “without all their illnesses you know, and tempers, and bills, and everything besides. Oh, Madonna! you are so well off. You live quiet, and you know nothing about all our cares.”

“I think I would not mind the cares,” said Mary; “if you were quite like me, you would not like it. You must come out to Kirtell for a little change.”

“Oh, yes, with all my heart,” said Emma. “I think sometimes it would do me all the good in the world just to be out of the noise for a little, and where there was nothing to be found fault with. I should feel like a girl again, my Madonna, if I could be with you.”

“And Nelly must come too,” said Mrs. Ochterlony, looking down upon the little bright, anxious, careful face.

Nelly was thirteen—the same age as Wilfred; but she was little, and laden with the care of which her mother talked. Her eyes were hazel eyes, such as would have run over with gladness had they been left to nature, and her brown hair curled a little on her neck. She was uncared for, badly dressed, and not old enough yet for the instinct that makes the budding woman mindful of herself. But the care that made Emma’s cheek hollow and her life a waste, looked sweet out of Nelly’s eyes. The mother thought she bore it all and cried and complained under it, while the child took it on her shoulders unawares and carried it without any complaint. Her soft little face lighted up for a moment as Mary spoke, and then her look turned on the sleeping baby with that air half infantile half motherly which makes a child’s face like an angel’s.

“I do not think I could go,” she said; “for the children are not used to the new nurse; and it would make poor papa so uncomfortable; and then it would do mamma so much more good to be quiet for a little without the children” —

Mary rose up softly just then, and, to

Nelly's great surprise, bent over her and kissed her. Nobody but such another woman could have told what a sense of envy and yearning was in Mary's heart as she did it. How she would have surrounded with tenderness and love that little daughter who was but a domestic slave to Emma Askell! and yet, if she had been Mary's daughter, and surrounded with love and tenderness, she would not have been such a child. The little thing brightened and blushed, and looked up with a gleam of sweet surprise in her eyes. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Ochterlony," she said, in that sudden flush of pleasure; and the two recognized each other in that moment, and knitted between them, different as their ages were, that bond of everlasting friendship which is made oftener at sight than in any more cautious way.

"Come and sit by me," said Emma, "or I shall be jealous of my own child. She is a dear little thing, and so good with the others. Come and tell me about your boys. And, oh, please, just one word—we have so often spoken about it, and so often wondered. Tell me, dear Mrs. Ochterlony, did it never do any harm?"

"Did what never do any harm?" asked Mary, with once more a sudden pang of thankfulness that Wilfrid was not there.

Mrs. Askell threw her arms round Mary's neck and kissed her and clasped her close. "There never was any one like you," she said; "you never even would complain."

This second assault made Mary falter and

recoil, in spite of herself. They had not though she might have forgotten. And, what was even worse than words, as Emma spoke, the serious little woman-child, who had won Mrs. Ochterlony's heart, raised her sweet eyes and looked with a mixture of wonder and understanding in Mary's face. The child whom she would have liked to carry away and make her own—did she, too, know and wonder? There was a great deal of conversation after this—a great deal about the Askells themselves, and a great deal about Winnie and her husband, whom Mrs. Askell knew much more about than Mrs. Ochterlony did. But it would be vain to say that anything she heard made as great an impression upon Mary as the personal allusions which sent the blood tingling through her veins. She went home, at last, with that most grateful sense of home which can only be fully realized by those who return from the encounter of an indifferent world, and from friends who, though kind, are naturally disposed to regard everything from their own point of view. It is sweet to have friends, and yet by-times it is bitter. Fortunately for Mary, she had the warm circle of her own immediate belongings to return into, and could retire, as it were, into her citadel, and there smile at all the world. Her boys gave her that sweetest youthful adoration which is better than the love of lovers, and no painful ghost lurked in their memory—or so, at least, Mrs. Ochterlony thought.

THE French papers speak of a new system of embalming, the invention of M. Audigier. It differs from the systems hitherto in use in the manner of introducing the preservative liquid. Heretofore it has been necessary to make incisions in the body for this purpose, but M. Audigier introduces it by the mouth, and also rubs the skin with a vegetable powder impregnated with the same liquid. The latter part of the process is not absolutely necessary, and the embalming may be performed after the body has been placed in the coffin. The official report states that after the lapse of twelve months bodies which had been submitted to the process were in a perfect state of preservation, the flesh having become as hard as wood.

THE American News Company has just ready the fourth and concluding part of "The Gospel of Peace," a political satire which has had a great success in America, upwards of 45,000 copies having been sold. This satire was at first intended as a mere squib for insertion in a newspaper, but it grew under the author's hand, but then there was a difficulty in finding a publisher. The MS. went the round of the trade, but nobody would stand godfather to it, so the author printed it at his own cost and placed it in the hands of the American News Company for publication on commission. The name of the writer has not transpired, and perhaps that secrecy has been one of the elements of its success.

From The Spectator, 23 June.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUND.

NORTH GERMANY is united. The great end of which the professors have chattered for half a century has been realized by the statesmen in three days. On Thursday week the great assembly which, in its long-windedness, its cumbrousness, its reverence for documents, and its genuine desire for peace, seemed so perfectly to represent both the defects and the qualities of the German political mind, which in that time has never performed one great act, but which nevertheless has repaired the evils of two centuries of war simply by the inaction it compelled, met for the last time to decree solemnly the punishment of a single refractory constituent. The representatives of fifteen dynasties, every one of which was great before the Margrave of Brandenburg stole the tolls which laid the foundation of his treasury, which even in their decrepitude boasted the command of nine hundred thousand soldiers, the voluntary support of twenty-six millions of Germans, and the compelled obedience of twenty-five millions more belonging to less civilized races, decreed with a secret shudder of fear that the youngest member of the Confederation, a State barely two centuries old, ruling but nineteen millions of souls, should be formally chastised for disobedience. Four days afterwards but three of those dynasties retained even the appearance of independent political existence, the Confederacy had disappeared for ever, and a new and enormous kingdom lay with all its resources at the disposal of a man who can and who dare use them unsparingly. With that marvellous promptitude which seems to Englishmen so unlike Germans, but which Frederick the Great displayed at every step of his career, Count von Bismarck struck down with one terrible sweep of his armies every minor foe. Hanover was entered at two points, her capital occupied, her King expelled, her army driven out, and surrounded by a force to which it is no disgrace to yield. A quiet order upon a point of form — the prohibition of the word "dual" — informed the Elbe Duchies that they had been incorporated in Prussia. Hamburg was occupied by Prussians, and its ancient Senate superseded by a General of division. The wretched elector of Hesse, wickedest and smallest of the tyrants of mankind, was driven without a blow from his capital. Oldenburg and Anhalt were forced to renounce the Confederation and

pledge themselves to a new union with Prussia — a new household arrangement, with a Hohenzollern as "housemaster." Hesse Darmstadt was declared "hostile" because it had closed a telegraph office, and the foreguard of the army defending Frankfurt was driven from its post. The chief of the Saxon Dukes declared his readiness to assume a command in the Prussian army, and the Dukes of Mecklenburg have abdicated their separate military power. Finally, the Prussians, pouring into Saxony at three points, marched unopposed on Dresden, and while King and army fled into Bohemia, took down everywhere the Saxon arms. North Germany, from the Rhine to Posen, from Jutland to Frankfort, is in Prussian hands, and already Count von Bismarck is organizing her into a single State. By an act for which the only precedent is the Italian levy in the Romagna, the Prussian conscription has been flung over the population of the occupied territories, and as it must be obeyed, it is Austria, and not Prussia, which has now to meet the force of the German nation. The population, whether favourable to Prussia, as in Electoral Hesse, or resigned, as in Saxony, or doubtful, as in Hanover, or irritated, as in Holstein, is at all events not so hostile as to risk resistance to an administration so severe and a will so uncompromising as that of Count von Bismarck. Holding all capitals, all fortresses, all railways, and all roads, the Prussian Government must be obeyed, and has therefore the control of twenty-eight millions of men and a revenue of some forty millions sterling, resources amply sufficient for the great task before it — a defensive war against Southern Germany. The Confederation has passed away, the duality of Germany is for the hour real, and it remains only to consider whether it can be reasonably expected to endure.

We venture, early as the time yet is, to believe that it will, — that the Kings, and Dukes, and Princes who have thus abdicated their duties, whose ignoble histories have terminated in a stampede, who, instead of dying by their thrones, have carried a hundred thousand men to swell the embarrassments of the Austrian commissariat and the Bavarian Exchequer, will never regain their power. "Blindly the wicked work the righteous will of Heaven," and Count von Bismarck in his lawless unscrupulousness has at least cleared Europe of these dynasties, which after six hundred years of sway leave not a subject willing to die on their behalf. They have not all been at all times irretrievably bad. Europe owes much

both to Saxony and Hesse, for they protected the burly monk who first broke the charm of a Universal Church. Two of the dynasties have done much for art, one has been a refuge in days of oppression for German literature, all save Hesse have done something to make an essentially sensuous people believe the mind greater than the body, to keep alive in a military race the healthy faith that learning is nobler than military skill. But they have all resisted the development of a free national life, all have helped to dwarf the minds they have so assiduously refined, all have resisted the natural development of a race which probably contains within it the largest possibilities of original and noble life. All have striven with their utmost energies to keep up the evil faith that Heaven has committed the guidance of mankind to the members of a limited caste, now so interwoven as to be almost a single family, which, possessing for a thousand years a monopoly of the highest form of action, has in that time failed to produce one benefactor to mankind. In the long stream of European history not one of this caste has ever received by popular acclaim the epithet "Good," but one lives in history under the title of the "Wise." So intensely has the evil effect of the Princelings' influence been felt, that for fifty years no subject of theirs has risen high enough in the mental world to think out a political reform without making their extinction the inevitable datum of his dream. And now they are gone, gone without a blow on their own soil for the independence of which they were so proud, and though the real battle has yet to be fought, we still, reading by the light of history, believe they can never return. The secret of their uselessness has been revealed too publicly. The sceptres so powerless against the Prussian bayonet would have been as impotent against the Cossack sabre. Even if Austria wins, she will find in her hour of victory, as she found in 1850, that dependent kings are the least valuable of allies, the most troublesome of subjects; and Austria, though she may get her compensation, will not in this sense win. Already the Prussian Liberals see that their day-dream is about to be realized by their greatest foe, and forgive the iron roller which, crushing so many of their convictions, has made a road for all their aspirations. Already the Premier sees that only by the assent of the people can the structure which he is rearing be consolidated, and pledges himself and his master to the Parliament which, while it will invest the Hohenzollerns with the

Imperial Crown, will also realize the first aspiration of every German thinker. The defeat of North Germany, if accomplished, must be the work of many campaigns, and the nation, if united even for a year, will not again bear to be dismembered on behalf of a caste which at the first cannon-shot scuttled out of their homes to seek what for them at all events is the protection of a foreign power. They may settle among their old subjects as great nobles. They may receive half the vast estates which, though attached to their crowns, they have treated as private property. They may occupy as wealthy and privileged subjects an immense position among a great race, a position, if they will surrender their ruinous theory of intermarriage, even greater than that of English peers, because more visibly one of leadership. They may run a career as long and far more useful than that which has ended in this strange stampede, but they cannot again carve out Germany into estates for them to rule, half as modern kings half as mediæval barons. Their work has been done, their time has passed, and with the occupation of Dresden the German Confederation, the league which for fifty years has in Central Europe maintained at once peace and tyranny, civilization and petty Courts, free thought and political serfdom, prosperity and princes, public order and enormous armies, commerce and the ascendancy of soldiers, has, we believe, finally ceased to exist.

From the Economist of June 23d.

THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.

THE general drift of the war is becoming clearer. We pointed out last week the tendency of the issues to widen almost uncontrollably, and the events of the last eight days sufficiently justify our anticipations. The war has barely lasted a week, and already the Elbe Duchies are forgotten, except as provinces within the Prussian Monarchy. The German Confederation, the great organization which has for fifty years preserved peace in Central Europe, has disappeared, and the struggle is now for the sovereignty, the direct and visible sovereignty, of the Germanic people. The Prussian Government, prompt and unscrupulous in its orders, in possession of a thoroughly organized army, and conscious of a latent partisanship in

States not under its control, has ventured to sweep away all its smaller enemies at a blow. Count von Bismarck, availing himself of the hostile vote passed on Thursday week by a majority of the Diet, on Friday directed his armies against Hanover, Saxony, the Hessens, and Frankfurt, a movement which at once revealed the powerlessness of all the minor States in the North. Not one defended itself. The Hanoverian army and King abruptly quitted the main territory of the kingdom for Gottingen, where they are in danger of being surrounded, the Saxon King and army retreated, leaving Dresden undefended, into Bohemia, the Elector of Hesse Cassel fled without his troops, and the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt has been warned to submit. A pressure equivalent to compulsion has been put upon minor States not avowedly opposed to the Prussian designs. The Mecklenburgs, for example, have merged their armies, 25,000 strong, in the Prussian armaments, a levy of 40,000 men has been ordered in Schleswig-Holstein, a military commissioner has been appointed to govern Hamburg, the Saxon Dukes are under Prussian command, Oldenburg and Anhalt announce their willingness to join Prussia in a new Confederation, and meanwhile act as feudatories, and in fact there is in North Germany no resisting force except an army of 60,000 men, made up of contingents from the small States, which is ready to defend Frankfort. Before that army the Prussians have paused, not of course from fear, but from a strong desire to avoid any injury to the military pride of the occupied States. So completely is the Prussian Premier master of the situation, that he has begun to apply the Prussian conscription, the most severe in the world, to Saxony, and will doubtless extend it over the whole of North Germany, thus gradually increasing his disposable army to at least half a million men. He is in fact for military purposes making a State of North Germany, and has in a week remodelled the map from France to Poland. So immense has been his success, that Prussian Liberals are beginning to waver, and men of the most advanced opinions have joined a Committee for succouring the wounded and the sick, while the Hanoverians, it is said, are quite willing to be conquered, the people of Dresden make no resistance, and the Hessians saved the national treasure for the Prussian Viceroys. Should this disposition prove real, the fighting strength of the Monarchy has in one week been increased one-half, the number of Prussian subjects having been raised from nineteen to twenty-eight millions, the great-

est political change ever effected in Europe in so short a time. Its permanence must of course depend upon the result of the war, but for the immediate purposes of the campaign it has been already accomplished.

It is for Germany therefore that Austria has to fight, and Austria has proved unexpectedly slow. Her frontier is within twenty-five miles of Dresden, yet Dresden was not occupied, and it would seem that Marshal Benedek looks rather to the conquest of Silesia than to defending powerless allies. An arrangement, still obscure, seems to have been made by which the Federal army is to be placed at the disposal of Austria, in consideration of a "guarantee," for the minor Princes, but documents of that kind are of little use in war, and the brunt of the contest, it is evident, will be in Silesia, which the Austrians have already entered. The contest to be fought out there and in Saxony will be one between North and South Germany, the latter being aided by twenty-five millions of non-German persons, and the prize is nothing less than the Imperial Crown, a prize so great that even the mass of the people, who were very unwilling to fight for the Elbe Duchies, begin to perceive that the struggle concerns them, and to take sides heartily. So deeply indeed does the Court of Vienna feel the magnitude of the issues now raised, that reports are rife of its readiness to cede Venetia, and are probably thus far true. The Government has taken no such steps as reported, but has signified, through channels well understood on the Continent, that it is open to arrangements as soon as it has either by a victory or a defeat satisfied its military honour. The mere disposition to treat of course diminishes the vigour of the defence, and it seems possible that the great events of the war will be confined to the North.

We purposely abstain from any attempt to discuss those military positions which, when criticised by men who are not great generals, for readers who are not great geographers, serve only to delude. The broad facts are much more instructive, and the broad facts are that the Prussian Government is in military possession of all North Germany, and is awaiting attack in Saxony and Silesia, fortifying Dresden, for example, while the Austrian Government, attacking on the north, is on the south the defendant. The Italian army crossed the Po on the 20th, and it is probable that the great Southern battle will be fought at some point on the Adige before the appearance of our next issue. At present appearances are against the Austrians, but it must not be forgotten that a great

pitched battle may change much, that Austria, though slow, is very hard to beat, and that a defeat in the open would release all those elements of hostility which Count von Bismarck is now so sternly compressing. While, moreover, it is quite clear that Prussia has a very great statesman, the superior of any one on the Austrian side, it is not clear yet which side possesses the greater generals, a point of the last importance, an unknown quantity which may falsify almost every calculation. Still less is it clear that physical power in the South is with the enemies of Austria. The Italian enthusiasm is great, and the Italian armies now in motion number 300,000 men, but the Austrians hold the Quadrilateral and have an army of 180,000 men, there is no point on the coast at which an army can land except in boats, and the projected invasion of Croatia can scarcely create a serious diversion. There is no ground yet for pronouncing the combatants unequally matched, and until inequality is obvious there are no data from which to speculate on the issues of the war. For the moment Prussia is successful, and as her success involves the extinction of the petty divisions of Germany, it may be accepted in this country, without either fear or annoyance.

From the Saturday Review, 23d June.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

WHETHER the cause of Prussia is good or bad, whether it is most likely to please the Gods or CATO, no one at any rate can dispute that Prussia has struck the first blow with admirable boldness, celerity, and success. The war has hardly been proclaimed, the fulminations of Emperors and Kings and Princes against each other are still echoing over Europe, there is not even a certainty that any one human being has been killed, and Prussia is already in possession of the greatest prizes that she could have attained after the longest and most victorious campaign. Prussia is now absolute mistress of the two Duchies, the great original cause of strife, of all Hanover, of all Saxony, and of all Electoral Hesse. The little Powers that a few days ago were hesitating between neutrality and friendliness have now humbly placed their tiny resources at her absolute disposal, and she enjoys whatever faint assistance the armies of Oldenburg, of Mecklenburg, of Waldeck, and Saxe-Coburg can give her. She may be turned out of what she possesses, but she has possession in her favour. Northern Germany — all Germany, that is, north of the Maine and of the line of the Bohemian and Moravian mountains — practically belongs to her. She can use the wealth and the population of this great district as she pleases. She can levy taxes as she likes, and call conscripts as she wants them to fill the ranks of her army. This is unquestionably a great military advantage. Saxony, more especially, is a stronghold which she might have naturally expected would offer her enemies a sure base of attack against her, and now she holds it as a base of defence, and possibly as a base of attack against them. By holding the valley of the Elbe above Dresden, she holds the key of a position which it will cost the blood of many brave men to force. To any one who knows how proud the Saxons were of the strength of this position and of the possession of the great fortress of Königstein, it seems almost comical to think that Prussia has scarcely declared war against Saxony before she has got into her keeping this famous fortress and the magnificent defile which it commands. Even if she is attacked in Saxony, she will have the satisfaction of fighting on alien soil. It is a sad thing that so picturesque a city as Dresden should be made the centre of military operations, that cannon should play upon this quiet home of Art and the Muses, and that the terrace over the Elbe, which all tourists know as one of the prettiest lounges and sweetest shrines of mild beer and instrumental music in Europe, should be abandoned to the tread of arrogant Prussian officers and mournful Prussian conscripts. But, at any rate, a Prussian may be very glad that, if any city is so to be ill-used and desecrated, it is not a Prussian city that is to suffer. In the same way, if Hanover is to be recovered, it will be Hanoverian farms that will be burned and Hanoverian churches that will be riddled with cannon-ball in the struggle. Rumour says that the first step which the EMPEROR and his allies have taken is to settle very accurately and precisely what is to be done with Holstein. Everything is arranged; but then the Prussians have done something better than arranging about Holstein. They have got hold of it, and if they are to be turned out of it, the sorrows of the miserable Holsteiners are yet to begin. It was sad for them in the old days that they might not sing as much as they wished hymns in honour of what, with a grand defiance of geography,

the national poet calls the sea-surrounded Schleswig-Holstein. But it will be far worse and much sadder for them if their pleasant pastures are made a battle-ground of great armies, and their fields reddened with blood, on a scale quite different from that to which the little Danish war may have accustomed them.

But the real success of Prussia is not so much military as political. The genius of Austrian generals and the disciplined bravery of Austrian troops may prevail, and Prussia may be driven back, crushed and humiliated, within her own borders; but nothing can undo the effect of the great political revelation that has been made this week to Europe. Wherever the Prussians go in North Germany, they go really as friends and not as enemies. They have shown that it is true that the Courts, and not the people, of North Germany are against them; and they have showed that these Courts have no hold over their subjects, have won neither popular respect and affection, and that the whole structure of these petty Kingdoms and Principalities is rotten. It was no great matter that the Hanoverian fortress of Stade, garrisoned by less than three hundred men, surrendered without a fight to an overwhelming force of Prussians. But it is a great matter that, when the garrison marched out, they immediately fraternized with the Prussians, and that both conquerors and conquered immediately melted their heroic souls in the beloved beer of their common Fatherland. The population of Hanover went out a mile or two to meet "the enemy," and escorted them in the most affable manner to a central position beneath the windows of the palace, where the QUEEN had been left by the great descendant of the GUELPHS to examine leisurely this easy extinction of the dynasty. History has its comic as well as its tragic side, and the comic side of history is brought out very strongly when we read the account of the flight of the KING, and how the mighty TCHIRSCHWITZ, the head of the war party, had to gallop away too fast to permit him to buckle on his sword. In Electoral Hesse, the Prussians have arrived as real deliverers. The ELECTOR was perhaps the worst Sovereign in Europe. He has committed every public enormity, and almost every private enormity, a petty tyrant can commit; and for years his indignant people have been kept quiet solely because it was given them to understand that the KAISER and the KING did not like insurrections. The KING has now changed his mind, and himself arranges

and carries out the insurrection, and the KAISER is too far off to frighten any one. In Saxony, there has been no demonstration in favour of the Prussians, but there have been many signs that the mass of the people entirely disapproved of the Austrian tendencies of their KING and his Ministers, and that, if there must be a war, they prefer the cause of Prussia. In Nassau, the Chambers have declared that they entirely disagree with their DUKE, and will give no aid towards the enterprise on which he has set his heart. It is impossible to realize fully, without knowing Germany, how great a gain all this is to Prussia. She has received a kind of informal decree of justification from those who certainly are entitled to judge her. She has proved that, in claiming to lead and to consolidate Northern Germany, she is fulfilling a wish that Northern Germans entertain most warmly and widely. Wherever she goes, her military authorities announce that they come to administer the government as friends among friends, and the relation thus claimed is instantly acknowledged. Prussia holds Hanover and Saxony, and in a military point of view this is much to her advantage. But it is still more to her advantage that she holds them, not as the countries of enemies, but of friends. There is no enthusiasm for Prussia in Hanover or Saxony, for it is remembered that it is Count BISMARCK who has set the Prussian troops in motion, and neither Hanoverians nor Saxons had been driven by suffering into that burning love of change which has for years animated the breast of every honest subject of the Elector of HESSE. Nor do either Saxons or Hanoverians like the war. But as the Prussian troops have come among them, and as the war has been brought to their doors, whether they like it or not, they are forced to choose a side; and their sympathy with all that Prussia represents or may represent in Germany, and their dread of all that Austria has represented hitherto, determine the current of their feelings, and they are willing, and even glad, that Prussia should govern and protect them.

The Prussian army now occupies three main positions. It holds Saxony in the centre, and can scarcely be attacked there without the attacking force being exposed to a great disadvantage. On the East, the CROWN PRINCE defends Silesia, resting on the chain of fortresses which line the banks of the Oder. On the West, the various Prussian corps that have operated successfully against Hanover, Hesse, and the adjacent Principalities are threatened by a

Federal army under Prince FREDERICK of HESSE. It may be guessed that the main struggle will be in Silesia, for there BENEDEK commands the Austrians, who have already crossed the Silesian frontier; and BENEDEK has promised his troops an easy victory over an enemy whom he invites his soldiers to concur with him in despising. The Austrians are, according to the programme sketched out for them by their leader, to have a very nice time of it in Silesia. They have scarcely got any fighting to do that is worthy of the name. The Prussian army consists, the Marshal says, partly of young men not accustomed to the hardships of real war, and partly of the doubtful and dissatisfied Landwehr. The Prussians, too, as their adversary goes on to say with a most unkind oblivion of Düppel, do not possess a single general who has had an opportunity of learning his duties on the field of battle. Nor will the boasted needle-gun do the Prussians any good, for the Austrians will simply charge them with the bayonet, and the needle-gun will be entirely useless. The Austrians may therefore enter on the campaign as if they were going to a picnic or a ball. Bands of music during the fighting will, as the Marshal poetically says, play heroic pieces for the warlike dance; and, after the fighting is over, the Austrian soldiers will find repose upon the enemy's soil, and those compensations which a glorious and victorious army has the right to demand. And what these compensations are he leaves his ardent Croats, and the quiet families of Breslau and other Silesian towns, to imagine for themselves. The Marshal is too old a soldier to talk to himself as he talks to his regiments. The Prussian army may be inferior to the Austrian or it may not. French military men say it is inferior, but then French military men, almost without an exception, hate everything Prussian, while they are very well inclined to praise the Austrians, whom, the more they are praised, the more glorious it is to have beaten at Magenta and Solferino. But the Prussian army cannot be quite so poor a one as the Austrian commander, in his prudent desire to encourage his own men, represents it to be; nor are the defences of Silesia very weak or contemptible. If the Prussians are conquered, they will only be conquered in a long and stubborn fight, and at the outset they have already deprived Austria of one of the chief fruits of her success. Austria is fighting to uphold the old order of things in Germany, and it can never again be doubtful that the old order of things is an unnatural one, not in harmony with the

wishes or the wants of the people of Northern Germany, and only to be imposed on them and maintained among them by force. A victorious Austrian army may bring back King JOHN to Dresden and King GEORGE to Hanover, but no army can henceforth make the rule of those Sovereigns seem to the world anything but the rule of petty satellites of Vienna.

From The London Review.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. *

MR. BAKER's work is full of interest—in parts, profoundly exciting; the pictures suggested, rather than described, are often wild in the extreme, while the narrative of personal suffering has been very seldom paralleled in the annals of travel. It must be observed, moreover, that Mr. Baker has not laboured and endured in vain, since he has discovered one of the most extraordinary lakes hitherto known to exist in Africa. Having stated thus much, which we do with the greatest pleasure, we feel bound to add that, in imagining he has solved the problem of the Nile—that is, found the spot at which its mysterious head emerges from the earth—he is cherishing a mere delusion. The source of the Nile is at this moment as little known as it was in the time of Julius Caesar, and it almost surpasses our comprehension how a traveller so intelligent and so well-informed as Mr. Baker should fail to be conscious of this. To make use of a common expression, Mr. Baker and all other travellers in Central Africa have been simply beating about the wrong bush, while the bird they are in search of lies hidden far off in another. Yet Mr. Baker, Captain Speke, and Captain Burton, may be almost said to have touched the great river with their finger, and to have looked wistfully in the direction from which, through utterly unknown lands, it comes rolling towards the Victoria Nyaza, into which it flows in a deep flood two hundred and forty feet in breadth, and with a current of four miles an hour. This is the Nile whose source it is necessary to discover—a thing which no one has yet done or even attempted; but, until this

* The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker, M. A., F. R. G. S. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

shall be done, it will be wrong to take credit among civilized nations for having thrown light upon a subject which philosophers and conquerors have desired to illuminate in vain. Bruce, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, have deserved well of the public by exploring new regions, and adding largely to our geographical knowledge; but, in spite of their efforts, old Nile keeps his secret still, his source being a virgin spring, of whose waters no civilized man has yet tasted. The Kitangulú rises far away towards the south-west, and its course is known to the natives for eighteen days' journey before it reaches the lake. How much farther its stream must be followed ere the lake or tarn is reached in the Blue Mountains, whose lofty summits, from the shores of the Nyanza, may be dimly discerned by the telescope in the south-west, no one can decide; but wherever this tarn may be, that is the source of the Nile. We say this under the impression that the accounts which former travellers have given are correct. There may, however, be other rivers, still larger than the Kitangulú, falling into the Victoria Nyanza, both from the east and west, and it will be necessary to trace every one of these to its well-spring before we can be said to have cleared up the mystery which for three thousand years has defied the learning, the enterprise, and the energy of man. To return, however, to the Kitangulú: after pursuing a north-easterly course for thirty-five or forty days, it falls into the Victoria Nyanza, which it traverses in part, as the Rhone does the Lake of Geneva; it then, through a gap in the rocks, breaks forth from the lake, and pushes its way through a channel honestly marked in parts with dots in the maps, to intimate that no one has followed its current the whole way. It may be assumed to be the same river which is again fallen in with farther on, and which flows into the Albert Nyanza; but beyond this the uncertainty increases. No doubt Mr. Baker was told of a stream which issued from the lake, and this stream he fairly enough infers to be the White Nile; but before anything is positively stated about that river, much research and investigation will be needed. If Great Britain should think it worth while, the only plan for ensuring success would be to appoint a commission of travellers—ethnologists, geographers, geologists, botanists, photographers—who should survey the whole lake-region of Central Africa, and be accompanied by a military escort sufficiently strong to remove from the explorers all idea of danger. A small screw steamer should

be taken, and put together on the lakes one after another, so that the whole of their shores might be examined and described. On the return of these commissioners, after completing their labours, we might truly be said to have discovered the sources of the Nile—but not till then.

One practice of our travellers we cannot sufficiently condemn—we mean that of imposing English names on African rivers, lakes, mountains, and falls. Why should the White Nile forfeit its ancient appellation, and be lost to geography by being transformed into the Somerset? What had Lord Ripon or Sir Roderick Murchison to do with the Nilotic cataracts, that we should find their names associated with that of Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon? What has the Queen of these realms to do with one of the great lakes, or her lamented consort with the other? Our courtier travellers forget themselves when they revolutionize geography after this fashion. If we had conquered the country and converted it into a colony, such a practice might be tolerable; but, as the case now stands, it is altogether absurd, and we trust that, through reverence for science, geographers will firmly set their faces against so incongruous a mixture of names. Should foreign travellers follow the example set them by our countrymen, what a strange aspect would the surface of Africa soon present, studded with Danish, Swedish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Greek names, jumbled up with negro appellations, unpronounceable by the European tongue, and with the grand nomenclature of the Koran! Having made these remarks—which apply to the proceedings of nearly all recent travellers, who, considering their strong propensity to transform everything, may deserve our gratitude for not obliterating Cairo and Damascus from the map of the world, and calling one Hutchison and the other Murchison towns—we go on to observe that, viewed merely as a book of travels, Mr. Baker's work is entitled to high praise. It would be difficult to exaggerate the intrepidity displayed both by him and his wife, who may truly be regarded as one of the most unflinching and devoted of her sex. It is impossible to contemplate without strong sympathy, not the perils she encountered, which we estimate as nothing, but the miseries from fever, from ague, from hunger, from thirst—above all, from the effects of a sun-stroke which nearly put a period to her existence in the most odious solitudes on the surface of this globe. The portions

of Mr. Baker's book in which these trials are described may be regarded as among the most touching passages of a traveller's autobiography to be found in any language. He enters into the details like a man, and, though everything is drawn with a delicate and refined hand, he places himself before you, sitting by his wife's bedside, with the frankness of a private revelation. Under a tree, or in some wretched hut in a wild African forest, enveloped in thick darkness, with the howl of the jackal breaks now and then upon the ear, the husband and wife, fever-stricken, half-famished, and surrounded by the most grovelling and bestial of savages, pass the livelong night, one in deep agony, the other in utter unconsciousness. No one who has any feelings to be moved can read Mr. Baker's exquisite narrative without extending to him and his noble wife the warmest sympathy. Sometimes as we read, we regret that a delicate woman should have been exposed, though by her own choice, to so rude a trial of love; but, throughout life, the remembrance of those hours must be her reward, and her husband's too. The fame arising from scientific discoveries, from passing over untrudged ground, from pursuing, through unknown regions, the course of a mighty river, is doubtless sweet; but the satisfaction of sharing and reaping that fame with a true and heroic wife must be a thousand times sweeter. The reader, we are sure, will acknowledge that few pages in our contemporary literature go more directly to the heart than the following:—

"Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay, as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

"The morning was not far distant; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

"The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the

fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, 'Thank God,' faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone!

"I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and M'tesé's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!"

Mr. Baker's anxiety having been prolonged through seven days of terror, the entire import of which few will be able to comprehend, save those who have been placed in similar circumstances, the protracted paroxysm of agony passes away as follows:—

"The sun had risen when I awoke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe."

When Mrs. Baker was sufficiently recovered, the party moved forward towards the great lake, in the direction pointed out to them by the people of the country, and we will allow Mr. Baker to place before the reader the effect produced upon his mind by the first view of the Albert Nyanza:—

"The 14th March. — The sun had not risen

when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully and clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, — a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to the height of about 7,000 feet above its level."

A little farther on, taking up the thread of his narrative, Mr. Baker says:—

"The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magonga and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirst with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile."

Allowing Mr. Baker to cherish the fond delusion that the vast expanse of water then before him is the source of the Nile, we select another short passage, in order to complete, though in outline, his very imperfect account of the great lake:—

"The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff 1,500 feet above the level had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters — thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything must drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth."

It would be absurd to reproach Mr. Baker for not performing impossibilities: we repeat that he has accomplished more than it falls to the lot of a traveller to accomplish once in a thousand years; but he should be

careful that he does not claim too much. The discovery of the source, or sources, of the Nile remains to be achieved by some future explorer, more fortunate, though not more bold or persevering, and, we may add, cherishing juster notions of what the source of a river is. It may be all very well to soothe the pangs of disappointment by calling such a river as the Kitangulé an affluent of the Victoria Nyanza; it is such an affluent as the Rhone is to the Lake of Geneva, and as other rivers may be to the Albert Nyanza, of which Mr. Baker has only obtained a glimpse. That lake, for aught that is hitherto known, may rival in dimensions the Caspian Sea, and be fed by one river, among many others, thrice as large as the Kitangulé, which may be pronounced, as soon as seen, to be the real Nile. This, we say, may or may not prove to be the case. If it be, then the Kitangulé loses its claim to be any other than an affluent of the Nile. If it be not, to the Kitangulé itself belongs the name of Nile, and the discoverer of its source will be the solver of the great geographical problem of Africa.

From the New-York Evening Post.
CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE'S TOUR.

AFTER the inauguration of President Johnson, Chief-Justice Chase started from Washington on a tour of observation among the southern states, and was accompanied by Mr. Whitelaw Reid — well known as "Agate," of the Cincinnati *Gazette* — who has now given to the public a sort of history of this trip, as well as an interesting description of a subsequent tour in the South made on his own account. The result of Mr. Reid's observations are embodied in a well-printed volume of nearly six hundred pages, now before us. We regret to say that the excellent letter-press of the book is disfigured by the introduction of several wood-engravings of the most wretched character.

The book itself is one that will be read with no little interest. Mr. Reid's more ambitious style of writing seldom appears in this volume, and he seems to have striven to report truthfully what he has seen. His political views are not prominently brought forward, yet are evident enough, and well presented when given at all. If there are any fundamental differences between his politics and those of the distinguished ex-Secretary, whose champion he has so long

been, we have failed to discover them. This is, however, an unimportant matter. What concerns the readers of his book is, first, whether he saw anything in the South worth writing about; and, secondly, whether he has had the honesty and ability to make a fair and good report. We believe that these questions would be answered favorably, in the main, to Mr. Reid's ability as an observer and narrator, and to his candor.

Visiting first the North Carolina and South Carolina coast, in May and June, 1865, he observes that the white men generally profess to accept the results of the war as having settled all the issues involved, but are clamorous for political rights and immediate representation in Congress. The negroes likewise exhibited a cordial acceptance of the situation in which the termination of the war had left them, a readiness to work, to learn, and to improve their condition generally. In North Carolina the rebel owners of abandoned property were returning, to find what was valuable most productively used by the Yankees. Merchants coming back were astonished to see how ex-army sutlers were making fortunes in their old places, and how northern speculators were developing sources of wealth never dreamed of by the "old stock." Some of the practices of army officers, who "regarded everything left in the country as legitimate prize to the first officer who discovers it," Mr. Reid properly condemns, as he does that of some of the mercenary Treasury agents, whose rascalities have never yet been fully exposed.

The author gives a very faithful account of the manners, notions, and even styles of speech of the freedmen. In describing the Sea Island negroes, he gives them credit for docility, readiness to learn, and industrious habits, but thinks there are few who are likely to make rapid progress in the higher branches or in skilled labor. He says further:

"So their moral faculties seem to me to be torpid, like their minds. Their religion seems rather a paroxysm of the affections than an intelligent conviction; and it is only beginning to lay hold upon the realities of their daily lives. Their affections, whether toward God or toward their neighbours, are unquestionably lively, but of doubtful depth. One sees, however, scarcely a trace of revengeful feeling toward their old masters. If good passions are shallow, so, too, are bad ones. Nor do I see any element whatever out of which a negro insurrection could now, or ever could have been, evolved. The enterprise which risks present pains and dangers for future good is not now a characteristic of the Sea Is-

land negroes. If it comes at all it must come—as it has not yet to some of the most cultivated peoples in the world—with the education and aspirations of comparative freedom."

Mr. Reid illustrates the practical value of test oaths by the following incident which occurred in Savannah:

"Half a dozen pretty woman were keeping up a busy chatter, all to themselves, in an ice cream saloon, where we sat down for a few moments. 'I'm going North in a few days,' said one, 'to buy some clothes.' 'But, Laura, you musn't do that: you'll have to take the oath to get a pass; and, you know, you're just as much of a rebel as ever you were.' 'Yes, of course,' with a pretty shrug of the aforesaid Laura's pretty shoulders, 'but, then, one must have clothes, you know! Of old it was discovered that sermons might be found in running brooks. May not generals and higher authorities, who believe in hard swearing as a means of grace, take a lesson in statesmanship from an ice cream saloon?'"

At Mobile he sees many returned rebel officers and soldiers:

"Everywhere the rebel soldiers clustered on the corners, or mingled in the throngs about the bar-rooms and hotels. They still wore their uniforms, for the best of reasons—they had no other clothes to wear; but nothing could have been more unexceptionable than their general conduct. 'I tell you, sir,' exclaimed one of our generals, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'I tell you, they are behaving splendidly. In fact, sir, these rebel soldiers are an honor to the American name.'

"'You've whipped us,' said one of their officers, with whom I had been carrying on a desultory conversation, 'and you did the work thoroughly. I think too much of the bravery of our army and of my own honor to admit that we would have surrendered if we had not been thoroughly whipped. Of course, then, we've had enough of it. If we hadn't we'd have fought on. As we had, we mean to do—politics, try and get some clothes, and go to making money.'"

Mr. Reid's description of the plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana, of the manner of working them, and of the new relations existing between employers and employed, are the most valuable and readable portions of his book. Among these plantations was the first sugar plantation in the United States cultivated with free labour by its old owner, who gave the results of his experiment in writing. The statement is interesting:

"The transcripts from my plantation books,

which I send you herewith, do not, in my judgment, give a fair idea of the workings of the free-labor system. I had to contend not only with the complete disorganization of the state, socially as well as politically, but I was subjected at various periods to guerrilla raids. These interrupted labor on the estate for days and weeks at a time, and carried off quantities of provisions, live stocks, ploughs, etc., all of which had to be immediately replaced at a great cost. The expenses were thus largely increased, while the delays and neglect proportionately diminished the value of the crop. Then, too, it is a sugar plantation, and is not at all adapted to the culture of cotton, being too near the mouth of the river, and being likewise much more liable than ordinary cotton plantations to the ravages of the army-worm. But, during the war the stock of seed-cane run out, and I had to put the greater part of the land in cotton. In spite of these difficulties and interruptions, and enormous outlay, the estate has never failed to return a handsome revenue. I feel certain that within the next three years I shall reduce the expenses of the free-labor system fully one-third, and, at the same time, increase the returns in an equally large proportion.

"I pay my laborers what I think, even at the North, you would call good wages for that sort of farm work. They get an average—men and women, boys and girls—of twelve dollars a month each, besides their lodging, food and medical attendance. One-half of these wages I pay them quarterly, the remainder at the end of the year. Each laborer is paid according to his merits. Some of my hands receive as much as twenty-five dollars a month; others as little as six dollars. This causes great emulation, and consequently more work is performed; all of which results in favor of both employer and employee. I think it wise policy for the planter to give high wages, as he thus

secures a better class of laborers, who work not only industriously but cheerfully.

"I am satisfied, in my own mind, that one able-bodied American negro of ordinary intelligence is worth at least two white emigrants. He understands the business, and he has the advantage of being acclimated. I am willing, therefore, to pay the negroes one-third higher wages than any white laborers accessible to us. You may think this extravagant; but during the unsettled state of affairs for the last two years I have had to try both, and I base my opinion, not on my prejudices, but on my experience."

This planter's net profits for two years, on a thousand acres, and with one hundred and twenty hands, were \$145,029 45.

How the inevitable laws of supply and demand regulate the labor market is illustrated by Mr. Reid:

"A change in the feeling toward the negroes was also manifest from the first day's entrance within the cotton region. In November nothing could exceed the hatred which seemed everywhere felt to the freedmen. Now, this feeling was curiously and almost ludicrously mingled with an effort to conciliate them. Cotton was no longer king, but the cotton-maker was. Men approached the negro with an effort at kind manners; described to him the comforts of their plantations, and insinuatingly inquired if he wouldn't like to enter into contract for a year. The sable owner of muscle, his woolly head greatly perplexed with this unwonted kindness, held aloof, and seemed, as he respectfully listened to the glowing inducements, to be wondering whether the fly would make anything by his visit to the nicely-arranged parlors of the Mississippi spiders."

ONE of the most celebrated of our forest trees, after holding supremacy, it is said, in its native forest for upwards of a thousand years, was uprooted in the late gales. The "Buck's Horn Oak" in the forest of Alice Holt, the remains of the great forest Anderida, which

was visited by her Majesty on the occasion of her reviewing the troops at Woolmer in 1861, is the venerable tree referred to. It was measured, at five feet from the ground, on the day before its fall, and the girth was found to be 22 feet 7 inches.

SOLDIERS TO SOVEREIGNS.

HAIL, CÆSAR, Emperor! Hail, King!
 Let them that dare revile and hoot you.
 To you your soldiers shout and sing,
 The men about to die salute you!
 No volunteers who choose, for pay,
 To risk their lives and limbs in battle;
 But conscripts dragged from home away,
 And driven to the field like cattle.

Or rather, dogs, if dogs could be
 In packs upon each other hounded.
 Then dogs might do as well as we,
 And conscripts be with curs compounded,
 Oh, happy hounds on either side,
 In being bitten, and in biting,
 The battles of their masters' pride,
 Vainglory, and ambition, fighting!

Ah, yes! but dogs can only bite;
 The wounds they take and give are trifles.
 They have but teeth withal to fight:
 But Sires, our weapons are these rifles,

These bayonets, and these leaden cones,
 These ponderous sugar-loaves of steel, Sires;
 That pierce Man's flesh, and smash man's bones,
 Inflicting pain which you don't feel, Sires.

No torture, in the olden times
 Of sterner ways, and manners rougher;
 For deeds heroic, or high crimes,
 That e'er Jack Ketch made wretches suffer,
 Has equalled that excess of woe
 Which, crushed on plains of battle gory,
 Will wring some of us, ere we go
 To bliss — the martyrs of your glory.

These and those muzzles — mouths of fire —
 Wait but your word opposed to thunder;
 Months against months, but, Sire, and Sire,
 The wise, in no long time, will wonder
 To think of these guns and of those,
 Confronted in War's game, to suit you,
 Not pointed at our tyrant foes —
 Your slaves, about to die, salute you!

Punch.

THE Prince Napoleon's Roman house in the Champs Elysées has been converted into a restaurant.

THE nineteenth volume of the Correspondence of Napoleon the First is curious as showing how much Bonaparte undervalued the abilities of his future conqueror, the Duke of Wellington, and our army of the Peninsula.

THE new edition of the King of Saxony's German translation of Dante has been completed by the publication of the third volume, "Das Paradies." His Majesty's annotations (Kritische und Historische Erläuterungen von Philalethes) place the royal commentator in the first rank of Dante Scholars.

THE article on "Ecce Homo" in the *Quarterly Review*, is attributed to Archdeacon Wordsworth, that in the current number of the *Month* is by Dr. Newman, and the one in the May number of the *Contemporary Review* by the Rev. T. Vaughan.

MR. WHYMPER intends to attempt penetrating along the surface of the glaciers of Green-

land into the interior, being convinced from the great quantity of deer that find their way to the coast, that there are, within the glaciers, well-grassed valleys and recesses. The preliminary trip, in company with a well-trained Danish guide, is to be made in the summer.

MR. GLAISHER, accompanied by Captain Westcar, both of whom are members of the council of the Aeronautical Society made a scientific ascent, in Captain Westcar's balloon from Windsor, and passed over the racecourse at Ascot during the last race.

THAT microscopic marvel of art, from the Le Carpentier collection, a cherry-stone upon which is carved a charge of cavalry, which was so much admired at the Exhibition in the Champs Elysées, was sold last week by auction at the Hotel Drouet in Paris for nearly 920 francs.

It is proposed to erect a statue to the memory of Lord Palmerston in one of the approaches to the Houses of Parliament, by public subscription, each subscription to be limited to 5*l.*, but smaller sums, according to the means of those subscribing, to be admissible.